

all the gold and silver mined. You would find that all the repressive measures against silver, enacted by the republicans, would be nullified. Then men would not go to New York, but to one of these banks.

"When greenbacks and treasury notes were issued they at a discount. To raise their value the state banks were taken out of existence. To strike out silver throws the power to control the destinies of the country into the hands of the wealthy. State banks were taxed in order to shut them out, and the same motive leads to the demonetization of silver. The purpose is to compel all to go to New York to get credit. The right of the state to protect its own financial interests is beyond question. The democrats under Jackson fought the constitutionality of national banks, but no one attacked that of state banks.

The Right to Coin.

Senator Morgan then took up the rights which the constitution confers in the matter of banking—one to the people, the other to the state. Taking gold as the example, a citizen has the right to dig a hole and find it, then to take it to the mint and have it coined free. Suppose he should be met at the mint with a charge or a limitation, he would be deprived of one of his undoubted rights. Silver, under the constitution, stands equal with gold, and legislation that interposes against its coinage is just as oppressive, and just as much a deprivation of personal rights, as if it were the gold that was under prohibition. The constitution contemplates the increase of the volume of true money from the coinage of both gold and silver, and the laws following have contemplated that whoever shall dig gold or silver, and bring it to the mint shall have it coined in the constitution," said the speaker, "and they may call me what they please, but I will die in my tracks before I will give up a single right."

Uproarious applause greeted this assertion.

The Origin of Banks.

In discussing the origin of banks, Senator Morgan continued:

"There were banks in the days of the colonies. The first, I believe, was started in Venice. They were regarded as convenient instruments of commerce, and useful in matters of church as well as of state. They were good and honest, and were a little bit on the order of whisky. They had to be cramped to keep from getting the best of you. (Laughter.)

"In the early days of the government, these banks were controlled by local authorities. Whenever opposition was made, democracy triumphed. When the federal legislation secured the upper hand, the national bank, although declared by the highest tribunal of the nation to be constitutional, in fact, I insist, is an humble citizen, in accordance with the constitution or with sound democracy. It is one of the devils which he has to fight. (Applause.) What we ought to do is to repeal the tax on state banks. The state of Alabama can take as good care of a state bank as she can of a state car for the insurance of the state treasury. In none of these matters does she need the assistance of the federal government."

Alabama Should Assert Her Rights.

"Turning our backs upon the past, have we not, in the future, much to invite our thoughtful attention, and much that urges upon us the need of a new policy. At this very hour you are suffering in your homes, and you are not the instruments which have brought this suffering upon your section. It is purely the result of federal legislation. When I traveled over the state twenty years ago with Mr. Houston, and foreshadowed the present state of affairs, I never thought we would be so greatly disturbed. I believe in our embarrassment that you will stand by me, not in returning me to the senate, for my ambition, at this crisis, is not selfish or personal, but an effort to restore good faith and to insist upon the rights of Alabama under the constitution. (Laughter.)

"Yes, we will." When Alabama draws her confidence from me I shall know that I am in the wrong, though honestly mistaken, and I shall have no more to say. My highest ambition in public life is to evince my gratitude and love for the state of Alabama, and to do so as much better at home than at Washington, where my yearly expenses average a thousand dollars more than my salary, and I have a wife as economical as ever on a loom bench. (Laughter.) I have no opponent to my knowledge, except Mr. Kolb, and I understand that nothing in the way of a candidacy has ever been refused by him. (Great laughter and cries of "Good.")

The Postoffice in the Rear.

"My situation, however, is peculiar. On my left is the populist rear, on my right is Mr. Kolb, and in my rear is the postoffice. So I have to stand straight, and that is the way I intend to stand. (Laughter.) I will ask you, my fellow citizens, to excuse a bit of personal history. I have almost as high an opinion of my record in the senate as my good friend who introduced me. I am aware of no blot upon it, except one, which I am sure you will not condemn. A negro by the name of Taylor, reared on one of these Alabama plantations, came to Washington city strongly recommended. Mr. Cleveland, after reviewing his claim, decided to give him a passport to Bolivia. I was not in favor of sending a negro to a white foreign court, nor shall I ever be in my present state of mind. The people of Bolivia were deeply concerned over the matter, for they have no patience with a negro and refuse to let him come into their midst. They treat him like the outcasts of the world. I happened at that time to be chairman of the committee on foreign relations. I withdrew my approval, and the appointment was made with the close of the session. Now, since that time I have been taunted with inconsistency."

That Fred Douglas's Name.

"It was said that I had voted for Fred Douglas as marshal of the city of Washington. I did vote for Fred Douglas, before I left Washington I asked for the signature which was binding upon my action at that time to be removed, in order that I might explain to the people of Georgia. George E. Spencer, if you will recollect, was my first colleague in the United States senate. I never regarded him, however, in that light. Those were days of great excitement in this country. Mr. Hayes was in some doubt as to the legality of his election, in which doubt he was strongly upheld by a great majority of the American people. (Laughter.) He decided, after going into office, in view of this uncertainty, to remove the troops from the statehouse at New Orleans and also from South Carolina. This was resisted by the carpet-baggers, who claimed that as soon as the troops were removed the negro voters would be surely persecuted throughout the south; so in order to test the matter Mr. Hayes nominated Fred Douglas as marshal at Washington. Mr. Conkling, General Logan and several other senators, arose in their seats and delivered glowing eulogies upon Mr. Douglas. Just before the vote was taken, eight or nine carpet-baggers, George E. Spencer among the number, quit the senate chamber. I noticed the withdrawal, and mentioned it to Senator Cleveland. We both decided that the purpose of the carpet-baggers was to defeat the appointment of Douglas and for that reason, with a number of other democrats, we voted for him. I then sacrificed my personal feeling in deference to what is considered a sense of duty. I wanted the carpet-baggers to go and to go speedily. He went, thank God, and forever. (Applause.) I hope Alabama, who must understand that I do not propose to vote for every negro who thrust upon me. (Laughter.) I should have no scruples in sending a negro to Liberia, to Haiti, but I shall not send him with my endorsement to any white country. If there is any treason in this, I fail to perceive it. It is only a small negro at a big woodpile, and the woodpile is not my own. (Laughter.)

In Relation to Mr. Cleveland.

In regard to his attitude with reference to Mr. Cleveland, Senator Morgan stated that he entertained for the president a very high personal respect, although he differed with him in his views as to policy. He

had taken it upon himself to vindicate the action of Mr. Blount, whom he regarded as an able man, and whose conduct of affairs in Hawaii, surrounded by his adverse circumstances, was patriotic and well advised. For this, however, and other points of difference, the president entertained towards him no malice. Before leaving Washington he had spent three hours in conversation with Mr. Cleveland and their exchange of views had been friendly and cordial.

The Silver Fight.

Returning to the silver question, after this personal digression, the speaker resumed:

"I took strong ground on the silver question immediately after I entered the senate. My first speech brought out the warmest applause of such men as Allen G. Thurman and Thomas F. Bayard. I never suspected that I was out of democratic line for supporting silver."

At this point Senator Morgan began to dive into his satchel and to pull out a number of papers. Having found the object of his search, he began to read from the democratic platform adopted before the war.

"In 1836," said he, "when Mr. Van Buren was nominated, the platform declared hostility to bank notes and advocated gold and silver as the only constitutional currency. In 1840, when Mr. Van Buren was renominated, the platform declared that Franklin Pierce was the first man I ever voted for. I stood on the democratic platform at that time, and I have never since deserted it. When Mr. Buchanan was nominated, the war between the states was declared."

Coming down to 1880, Senator Morgan proceeded:

"As to the platform on which General Hancock was elected, the people, it declared for home rule, honest money and for the equal maintenance of gold and silver."

"Now it is gold, and not silver."

"In 1884, when Mr. Cleveland was nominated for the first time, the same platform was embodied in the platform. It declared for honest money and for the gold and silver of the constitution. In 1888 there was no specific declaration, but in general terms the preceding platform of the democratic party was reaffirmed. In this election the party was defeated, and the reason is found in the provision of the republican platform which declared for gold and silver, and condemned the efforts of the democratic party to demonetize silver. Suppose we endorse the administration of Mr. Cleveland with reference to certain official acts, and refuse to endorse it as to other measures? Am I any less a democrat and am I lacking in fealty to the democratic party?"

"We should not endorse an administration, my fellow citizens, simply to make fair weather for a postoffice. (Applause.)

"There are higher considerations which appeal to statesmanship and love of party than mere personal gain. In regard to the local situation in Alabama, there is no occasion for abuse or condemnation as far as the federal administration is concerned. We should not become dissatisfied with the party because somebody in control may differ with us, and by his personal views complicate the situation."

"At this point it was evident that General Morgan was becoming very much exhausted, although his audience was still fresh and intently listening."

"But I must stop here," apologized the senator, "on my way back to the statehouse I had a long trip out from Washington, and besides I face the duty of making several other speeches before my return. It does my heart good to hear you, the noble people of Alabama, and to feel the influence of their loyal sympathy. I have not interfered with any one's ambition in the race for governor, and I have no doubt that in the future I will vindicate the honor of the state will be preserved. Whoever shall be the nominee of the convention I shall regard as the standard bearer of the party, and I shall have my warmest wishes for his success. The worthy multitude of Alabamians, a modest gentleman, who has made no claim as yet to the position, be selected he shall have my ardent championship. Since I was last in Opelika, two years ago, my life has been crowded with the duties of my high position. I have been jeered at by democrats because I accepted, at the hands of a republican, a place in the late tribunal of arbitration to adjust the differences between this country and England. In that, however, I lay it as a tribute to my conscience that I acted from a sense of duty. I took into my counsel Mr. Walpole, of Mississippi, a man of noble character, and my warm personal friend. We decided that, for many reasons, it was wiser to stand by the result of that arbitration in which my voice was lifted, is that peace now prevails where war might otherwise have been precipitated. It was through no cowardice or lack of apprehension that I acted so peaceably adjusted. The olive branch was offered to us, and in the spirit of brotherhood and amity the tender was accepted. Four months were occupied in the peace of our country. Our energy was sorely taxed but our patriotism was refreshed, and we had the satisfaction of knowing that American honor was fully vindicated. For your patient hearing, and my prayer is that our love for Alabama shall never fail." (Great cheering.)

Before the senator could resume his seat a dozen men leaped upon the platform and were at his side. These were followed by a perfect avalanche, and the general was soon literally besieged.

"God bless my soul!" shouted an old farmer, "I wish you agin the world."

Thus surrounded by his loyal constituents who had flocked from every part of the country to show upon the platform their allegiance, it was evident that General Morgan, at least in Opelika, was still the master of the soil.

A Bilingual Journalist.

To all who have studied the situation in Alabama during the past few days the attitude of The Montgomery Advertiser is deemed inexplicable. The paper appears to have been without editorial welcome to Senator Morgan, who returns crowned with the laurels of faithful service for Alabama. This oversight is so notable as to excite comment. Why an honored senator, one whose name is a household word throughout the union, should be thus ignored by the morning paper at the capital cannot be explained except on the ground of chronic blindness. It is held that the severe duties of the postoffice should prevent Mr. Screws from treating with proper courtesy distinguished democrats, even though they have the manhood to have opinions of their own.

Said one gentleman today:

"If Senator Morgan had been a man of small mold he could have defeated the contest of Mr. Screws to the postoffice, and the hint dropped by the senator in his speech today that the postoffice was in his rear was not without its significance."

TO DOWN RUSSELL.

His Opponents Will Try Once More to Defeat Him.

Savannah, Ga., April 20.—(Special.)—A new political club composed of the business men of the city will be organized shortly. It is to be known as the Democratic Club of Chatham county. A meeting preliminary to organization was held tonight. The objects of the club are to fight Colonel Waring Russell, county treasurer, who has long been one of Chatham county's political bosses, and who is opposed to the present representatives in the legislature to reelection and is favorable to the present city administration.

"I've been trying to see how I look in the glasses when I sneeze, and when the sneeze comes I can't help closing my eyes to save my life, don't y'know."—New York Mercury.

WITH THE GOVERNOR.

Leading Railroad Officials Were in Conference Yesterday Morning.

ON THE SUBJECT OF IMMIGRATION

The Governor Has a Plan to Be Submitted to All the Railroads in the State—No Teachers' Institutes This Year.

An important conference of railroad men was held with Governor Northern yesterday morning, a conference that means a great deal to Georgia.

For some time the governor has been studying the subject of immigration. He is a firm believer in building up the state in this way, and he has outlined a plan which he believes will bring about the end desired and will be of general benefit.

The details of that plan he is not ready to give to the public, but it is known that it is based on the co-operation of the railroad with the state authorities. He outlined his plan briefly to his visitors yesterday morning, and he has invited a delegation to this meeting the plan will be formally submitted and it is believed, if carried into effect, will result in much practical good.

There will be no teachers' institutes this year.

These have been held, as is well known, by the aid of the Peabody fund. This fund has given from \$2,000 to \$2,500 per year for this purpose.

Dr. Curry has written School Commissioner Brantley that he finds it necessary to discontinue this appropriation for the state as he will not be able to contribute to the normal school at Athens. He gives two reasons: First, that the state will do nothing for the institution; and second, that owing to the hard times, the revenues of the fund have fallen off.

We should not become dissatisfied with the party because somebody in control may differ with us, and by his personal views complicate the situation."

ALABAMA'S DOCTORS.

Two Bills Are Recommended—National Health Conference Proposed.

Birmingham, Ala., April 20.—(Special.)—The Alabama Medical Association today endorsed two bills which will be introduced to the legislature when it convenes. One bill was that the Mobile quarantine be taken to the board of health of that city. The other was that an increased quarantine facilities be furnished the state board of health. This bill is intended to perfect the quarantine system of the state. The recommendations of the recent New Orleans quarantine conference were also endorsed. The bill to establish a national department of public health, which has been introduced in congress two or three times, was, on recommendation of the board of health, considered by the Alabama Medical Association. It is intended to congress for passage and to simplify the wishes of the state board of health to the Alabama delegation in congress. A proposed amendment to the bill sent forth that the secretary of public health shall call a national health conference every year. The proposed amendment is to be introduced by the Alabama delegation in congress.

ON THE GALLOWS.

A Negro Who Did Murder for Robbery, Swings Off.

Bennettsville, S. C., April 20.—(Special.)—At noon today Alex Edwards, colored, was executed by the state of South Carolina for the murder of James Burnett, colored. The murder, a very brutal one, was committed December 23, 1888, near Olio, S. C. Edwards undertook to pilot Burnett, a colored man, to McCollins. While passing through a dense wood Edwards murdered his companion and robbed him, securing a pistol and \$5 in money. The prisoner was convicted by a jury of guilty and sentenced to hang. Both negroes were from North Carolina.

WANT TO ABOLISH IT.

Opposition Has Developed in Carroll County to the Road Commissioners.

Carrollton, Ga., April 20.—(Special.)—An effort is being made to abolish the office of county road and revenue for Carroll county.

Appetition is being circulated asking that the office be abolished, and already it has received a large number of signatures. It is rumored that the grand jury will recommend that the office be abolished because the reason that the commissioners are too extravagant.

DIVORCED AND MARRIED AGAIN.

Kelly and His Bride-Elect Walk to Town to Get a License.

Carrollton, Ga., April 20.—(Special.)—A decree of total divorce was granted James A. Kelly at this time of Carroll county court. Kelly had purchased his license to marry again. His license was made out for him to wed Miss Sarah Vandy, of Coweta county, a young girl of fifteen summers, but he had already been married to a woman named Mary Carrollton struck his fancy and he paid attentions to her and sought her hand in marriage. Failing to get her he married on Wednesday, Miss Vandy, and they walked to town, a distance of fifteen miles. For several days he walked around with a divorce decree in one pocket and a marriage license in another.

THOUSANDS OF MINERS.

Expected to Quit Work at Noon Today.

Columbus, O., April 20.—President McBride, of the United Mine Workers, made today the following estimate of the number of miners who would quit work tomorrow and their distribution among the states: Pennsylvania, 50,000; Ohio, 20,000; Iowa, 5,000; West Virginia, 5,000; Tennessee and Kentucky, 3,000; Missouri, 3,000; Alabama, 3,000; Colorado, 4,000; Indian Territory, 2,000. The total is 122,000. These figures include, he explained, the miners who would quit work tomorrow.

A Powerful Flesh Maker.

A process that kills the taste of cod-liver oil has done good service—but the process that both kills the taste and effects partial digestion has done much more.

Scott's Emulsion stands alone in the field of fat-foods. It is easy of assimilation because partly digested before taken. Scott's Emulsion checks Consumption and all other wasting diseases.

Prepared by Scott & Bown, Chemists, New York. Sold by druggists everywhere.

plains only those miners who have already declared their intention to go out. He feels sure that others will join in the strike tomorrow, and on or before May 1st, he is confident that the movement will be joined by 20,000 miners in the coke region of Pennsylvania and 25,000 miners in southern Illinois, Missouri and Kansas. Eventually, he says, the anthracite miners will join in the strike, numbering 125,000 men. Non-organizing telegrams were received from organizers Tom Farr in West Virginia, and Cameron Miller in Indiana this morning. Secretary P. A. McBride left today for Illinois. President McBride will remain at headquarters here for the present and conduct the strike from this point.

A Spanish Steamer Wrecked.

Savannah, Ga., April 20.—A cablegram from Cuba today stated that the Spanish steamship Berenguer el Grande, which sailed from this port April 7th for Barcelona with 5,000 barrels of cotton, had gone aground and was a total loss, cargo and all. The ship also took on passengers and crew. All of them and the crew were saved.

Jellico Miners Strike Today.

Knoxville, Tenn., April 20.—(Special.)—The miners throughout Jellico and Kentucky districts will strike tomorrow at noon. Two thousand men in the Jellico district will be involved. The strike is against a 20 per cent reduction in rates for mining.

THE DOCTOR WINS.

He Is Sued for Improper Treatment but Gets a Verdict.

Waycross, Ga., April 20.—(Special.)—The case of Mrs. R. J. Kinsey vs. Dr. A. P. English, damages suit for malpractice, which has been on trial over two days in the superior court, was decided this afternoon in favor of the defendant. The claim was for \$5,000 damages for the loss of a child, who was having banded the broken arm of young George Kinsey in an improper manner so that gangrene resulted and the arm had to be amputated below the elbow. Dr. J. L. Walker was witness and his testimony was in favor of the defendant. Dr. J. H. Redding testified against the defendant. The defendant's counsel were W. Brantley and John A. McHenry. The plaintiff was represented by Spencer R. Atkinson, Leon A. Wilson and E. H. Myers. Dr. English is a graduate of the New York Medical college, and is a first-class surgeon and physician.

THE TABLETS FINISHED.

For Marking Positions of Troops on Chickamauga Battlefield.

Chattanooga, Tenn., April 20.—Five hundred tablets were finished today for marking the positions of the various headquarters, federals and confederates, on Chickamauga battlefield. These tablets are of iron and will be placed in position next week. They are so complete and accurate that a perfect stranger by their aid, will have no trouble in locating the various positions of any body of troops engaged in that great battle. Special excursions will be run from Birmingham to Chattanooga during the coming season so that the veterans and their friends can have an opportunity to revisit Chickamauga and Lookout. It is expected that 5,000 veterans will be on these battlefields.

Bound for the Reunion.

Houston, Tex., April 20.—Sunday night the delegation which goes here to Birmingham to attend the reunion and to invite the Confederate Veterans Association to hold their next annual meeting in Houston, leaves via the Southern Pacific in a special car, arriving in New Orleans on Monday. The party is as follows: Major John Brown, chairman; John G. Kittrell, vice chairman; B. R. Warner, secretary and treasurer; R. M. Johnson, adjutant; T. U. Lubbock and others. Accompanying the party is Governor Hogg, Adjutant General Mabry and Colonel E. H. Cunningham, the sugar king. T. H. Kingley chaperones the delegation. Large delegations from south Texas will also be on the train.

Perhaps a Victim of Lightning.

Birmingham, Ala., April 20.—(Special.)—W. R. Tidwell, a young white farmer, was killed yesterday afternoon by lightning near McCalla, this county. No evidence of cause of the storm is apparent, and it is concluded he was struck by lightning during the storm. He was traveling to the postoffice to mail a letter to his sweetheart when the summons overtook him. The coroner will hold an inquest.

Suicide in Cobb.

Powder Springs, Ga., April 20.—(Special.)—Mr. George Estes, who lived five miles south of this place, committed suicide this morning. He was hanging one of the buildings on his place. His mind was not well-balanced. He has made an attempt on his life once before.

Hanging in Alabama.

Montgomery, Ala., April 20.—A special to The Advertiser from Andalusia, Covington county, says the first hanging in that county for fifty years occurred today. A felon, a negro, was executed for assassinating Green Phillips, an old negro man last fall. The old man's daughter had run away with Jackson and the fellow was seeking vengeance. Jackson decided to save further trouble by murdering the old man. He confessed on the scaffold.

Oil Works Burn.

St. Louis, Mo., April 20.—Fire today in the Crown Lined Oil Works of 20 National Lined Oil Company located at Sixteenth street and Clark avenue, destroyed the entire plant. The works have been closed nearly a week. The loss is estimated at \$100,000. The company, but the loss on the machinery and building is \$400,000. The warehouses of this oil company, which were built by the company, who had about \$300,000 worth of wheat stored therein. Their loss is fully covered by insurance. The Crown Lined Oil Works, which were burned, are owned by the Crown Lined Oil Company.

Johnston's Ticket in Lee.

Opelika, Ala., April 20.—(Special.)—The following delegates have been agreed upon for delegates to the state convention from Lee county: S. T. Glass, R. H. Hamock, Howell Webb, W. A. Thompson, George Meadows, W. G. Posey, M. E. Edick, Ike Prince, George E. Driver and N. H. Renfro.

Today's Shipments of Gold.

New York, April 20.—The gold engagements by tomorrow's steamers will largely depend upon the final instructions by cable, but it is estimated that five houses' worth of \$4,200,000 on the steamer La Bretagne, which has already been spoken for \$2,000,000, of which all but \$50,000 comes from the treasury.

In Clarke's Court.

Athens, Ga., April 20.—(Special.)—A verdict was reached in the Treanor-DuBoise land title case in favor of the defendant. The plaintiff had asked for a return of the land. The case was returned by the grand jury against the following for selling liquor illegally: W. F. Phillips, Sailors, O. W. Watson, E. S. Cheatham, Dock Strickland.

Congressman Wilson's Movements.

New York, April 20.—Congressman W. L. Wilson and party went by special train today to visit the salt mines, the guests of General Dudley Avery. Tomorrow he will join a fishing party at Lake Tosee.

THE DEATH ROLL.

Walhalla, S. C., April 20.—(Special.)—Rev. R. W. Seymour, a prominent Baptist minister, died here suddenly tonight at 7:30 o'clock of heart failure. His father was a lawyer of Charleston, where he was born and reared. For several years he preached in Edgemoor and Laurens. He was a popular preacher. He was fifty-four years of age.

Reunion Confederate Veterans.

Birmingham, Ala., April 25th and 26th. One fare for the round trip via Georgia Pacific railroad.

Tickets on sale April 24th, 25th and 26th. This is the short line. The best line. Superior train service and Pullman accommodations.

If You Are Tired

Depressed and worn out
By overwork,

The Business Outlook

Or worried by
Sickness at Home

Stop, Think, Rest, Act

Take a bottle of

Hood's Sarsaparilla

You Will Be Surprised The Nerves

At the change that will be made in you in a week. Hood's Sarsaparilla begins its work from the first dose you take. As thousands of friends say, "It goes to the right spot," "It makes you feel like a new person," "It gives the strength and vigor of youth."

Fed by Pure Blood, become quiet, and all the functions of the body working in harmony by the magic touch of Hood's Sarsaparilla secure to you permanent relief from all your trials and you cheerfully take up the burden of life again, rejoicing that through Hood's Sarsaparilla you have overcome

It Gives Refreshing Sleep, That Tired Feeling

Aids digestion, creates an appetite, tones the stomach, purifies and vitalizes the blood, and by these great natural channels restores the weak and sick to health, strength and happiness. Be sure to get HOOD'S, because

No matter what prejudiced people may say to the contrary, no other medicine does or can do what Hood's Sarsaparilla is doing today for thousands yes, hundreds of thousands of sick people. Truly

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Therefore Take

HOOD'S and HOOD'S

CITY NOTES.

A SERMON ON WOMAN.—At the Central Congregational church, West Ellis street, near Peachtree, Rev. George S. Ricker will speak Sunday morning on "Woman as a House Builder," and at night on "The Essential Element of Greatness."

HAS RETURNED.

—Mr. S. R. Turman is in the city again after spending several days in Anniston, Gadsden, Ala., and Rome, Ga.

SATURDAY NIGHT CLUB.

The programme tonight of the Saturday Night Club will be especially interesting. A feature of the evening will be the address of Hon. F. H. Richardson. He will lecture on "The Literature that Lasts." There will be several speeches on the greatest living Georgian. Several prominent gentlemen of Atlanta are on the list.

The friends of Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Bunker

gave them a delightful surprise at their home, on Gordon avenue, last night. The occasion of the affair was the twenty-fifth anniversary of the wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Bunker.

Will Shut Down.

Manchester, N. H., April 20.—The Amoskeag corporation announces that their mill No. 3 and No. 4 will shut down May 5th indefinitely, owing to a lack of orders. Twenty-five hundred looms, involving the work of 2,000 operatives, will be affected. In addition to this the mills of the corporation will, commencing Monday, May 7th, be put on forty-hour week. The operatives will be given work five days a week.

A New Association.

At the close of the annual session of the Georgia Medical Association a call was made for a meeting of the "medical examiners for life insurance," when a number of the same assembled in the hall for the purpose of forming a state organization. Dr. E. C. Goodrich was called to the chair and Dr. William Abram Love requested to act as secretary.

President of the Association.

Dr. E. C. Goodrich, of Augusta, Ga.; vice president, Dr. J. I. Darby, of Americus, Ga.; secretary and treasurer, Dr. William Abram Love, of Atlanta, Ga. The object of the meeting was further carried forward by the appointment of Dr. William Abram Love, a committee to draft a constitution and by-laws for the governing of the association to be reported on and adopted at the next annual meeting to be held during the session of the medical association to be held in Savannah, Ga., in April, 1935.

AT

Auction Sale

UNION SQUARE.

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UNION SQUARE.

HE BROKE HER HEART

Mrs. Haven Says She Cannot Live Without Her Husband.

SHE LOADED UP ON LAUDANUM

Lightning Kills a Man and Woman Who Were Walking Together—Macon Volunteers Go on a Picnic.



MRS. ANNIE JENNESS MILLER.

Ladies admire Mrs. Jenness Miller for what she has done in the cause of costume and dress reform. They also love her for the good suggestions and valuable advice she has given, all of which have enabled the women of America to become more attractive, enjoy life better and live longer.

to H. H. Warner & Co.

It gives me pleasure to express my faith in the virtues of your "Safe Cure," which is the only medicine I ever take or recommend.

Six years ago I received the most pronounced benefit from its use at a time when suffering from mental over-work, and I have subsequently in my travels as a public lecturer recommended it to many people, and personally know of several cases where the "Cure" succeeded when the doctors failed.

Although a perfectly well woman I take several bottles every Spring just as I take additional care in the selection of tonic-giving food at this season, believing in the ounce of preventive rather than the necessity for the pound of cure, and in every instance the "Safe Cure" has the effect to give new energy and vitality to all my powers.

Annie Jenness Miller.

Any woman or man who reads the above and who feels as so many people do at this time of the year, in need of something to aid and strengthen in the duties of the season, cannot do better than to follow the same course as described by Mrs. Miller, who is herself the personification of health and womanly development. Certain it is that great benefits will result which cannot be secured in any other way.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is also well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. Adams, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"The use of 'Castoria' is so universal and its merits so well known that it seems a work of supererogation to endorse it. Few are the intelligent families who do not keep Castoria within easy reach." CARLOS MARTIN, D. D., New York City.

"For several years I have recommended your 'Castoria,' and shall always continue to do so as it has invariably produced beneficial results." EDWIN F. PARKER, M. D., 120th Street and 7th Ave., New York City.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

W. L. DOUGLAS
\$3 SHOE GENUINE
WELT.
Squeakers, Bottom Waterproof. Best Shoe sold at the price.
\$5, \$4 and \$3.50 Dress Shoe.
Equal custom work, costing from \$5 to \$10.
Best Walking Shoe ever made.
\$2.50, and \$2 Shoes,
Unequaled at the price.
Boys \$2 & \$1.75 School Shoes
Are the best for service.
LADIES'
\$3, \$2.50 \$2, \$1.75
Best Douglas, Stylish, Perfect
fitting and serviceable. Best
in the world. All styles.
Insist upon having W. L.
Douglas Shoes. Name
and price stamped on
bottom, Brooklyn
Mass.

THIS IS THE BEST \$3. SHOE IN THE WORLD.
ALL THE LATEST STYLES.
C. C. RODGERS, 151 Decatur Street.
W. D. SMITH, 38 Decatur Street.

TAX NOTICE.

The books for receiving state and county tax returns are now open. Please come forward and make returns as early as possible, as my time is limited. T. M. Armistead, Tax Receiver, Fulton Co., Ga. apr21-2m

GURNEY REFRIGERATORS

The Only Removable Galvanized Ice Compartment. The Only Cleanable Refrigerator. Can be kept absolutely pure and free from all odor. The lowest average temperature, the greatest economy of ice. "Dry" free circulation, packed with mineral wool—the best non-conductor. We claim all this for the "GURNEY." Come and examine them. KING HARDWARE CO. Peachtree Street.

Macon, Ga., April 20.—(Special).—Mrs. William Haven, of Lake City, Fla., was driven to the city hall in a hack this afternoon in a half stupefied condition. She declared that she had taken several doses of laudanum with suicidal intent, because her husband had forsaken her. Physicians say she couldn't have taken the quantity she claims to have swallowed and lived. Police authorities directed her to go to the Home for the Friendless. Mrs. Haven says her husband left Lake City a short time ago to join a minstrel company and she came to Macon last Saturday, expecting to meet her husband here. Instead, she received a letter from him written in Atlanta, saying he would not live with her any more. Rather than be separated from him she preferred to die, hence she took the laudanum. She says she is twenty-three years old and has been married several years. This is the story she told at the city hall. She formerly lived in Macon. Her maiden name was Bertha Daniels.

Two Killed by Lightning.
Yesterday a severe wind and rain storm passed over the lower end of Bibb and Twiggs counties. In the latter county, about twelve miles from Macon, while a negro man and his wife, named Allen and Naro Dezzard, were walking in an open field they were struck by lightning and killed. They were found soon after the accident, while the bodies were yet warm. Their faces were turned to the west. The wind was severe at Nelson's mill, in Bibb county. Shingles were blown from the roofs of houses and other damage done.

In the superior court today in the case of Haywood vs. the City of Macon for \$500 damages for injuries received, a verdict was rendered for the defendant.

The funeral services of Mrs. Isaac Scott will be held tomorrow morning at 4 o'clock from the residence of her daughter, Mrs. G. E. Sussdorf. Rev. H. O. Judd, of St. Paul's church, will officiate.

The executive committee of the Georgia State Banking Association will meet at the Hotel Lanier tomorrow to transact certain business preliminary to the meeting of the state convention in Atlanta.

A very pretty and bright child of Mr. W. H. Lowe died today in East Macon. This year only ten members of the sophomore, junior and senior classes of Wesleyan Female college will read at commencement. Formerly the members of the senior class were allowed to wear a white robe.

Volunteers' Celebration.
The Macon Volunteers celebrated their twenty-fifth anniversary today at Beach Haven. The company had a number of guests. The company appeared for the first time under their new commander, Captain Charles Cain. Captain Cain is the oldest and most famous company in the south. It was organized in April, 1825. It served in the Florida war, the Mexican war and the late war between the states. It has made a gallant and brilliant record in war and in peace.

A Disgraced Priest.
This morning at 7 o'clock St. Joseph's Catholic church, Rev. Father Joseph Yazzek, Syro-Maronite missionary, said mass according to the oriental rite. Father Yazzek was the first priest of that rite ordained in the United States. Father Yazzek says mass in the Syro-Chaldean language, the same language that Christ usually spoke while on earth. The priest is a graduate of the University of Beirut, Syria. He travels from city to city throughout the world.

Dr. Monk's Sermon.
On next Sunday Dr. Monk, pastor of Mulberry Street Methodist church, will preach a special sermon on recognition of friends in heaven.

Death of Mr. Baer.
Mr. Sam Baer died this morning about 8 o'clock. On Wednesday he was stricken with apoplexy, and all day yesterday his end was momentarily expected. Mr. Baer was for many years engaged in the retail grocery business in this city. He married a daughter of ex-Alcidesman Valentine Kahn, and was respected by all who knew him.

Older Folks' Concert.
A large audience was present tonight at the chapel of Mercer university to hear the Older Folks' concert, given by the ladies of Tattall square Presbyterian church, assisted by some well-known musicians of other congregations.

Newspaper Notes.
The Jews are celebrating the feast of the Passover today with appropriate services.

Mr. John Hill, an old Macon boy, now traveling for a St. Louis house, is visiting his old home.

The commencement exercises of Mercer university promise to be unusually brilliant and interesting this year.

Judge Ross, of the city court, heard matters at chambers today.

The Floyd Rites expect to celebrate their anniversary on Monday next at Beach Haven with a target practice, drill, parade, dancing and dining.

The proceeds from the lecture of Rev. Thomas Dixon on the evening of April 25th will be used to purchase new books for the public library.

Mr. John Rooney who has for years been transfer railway mail clerk at the union passenger depot, has been promoted as a postal clerk, and his place as transfer clerk filled by Mr. William F. Nutt, of Butts county, an appointee by influence of Congressman Cabaniss.

Today the police arrested a young white man who is wanted for stealing a bicycle at Waycross.

Several negroes, charged with gambling, were fined by the recorder today \$25 each and bound over to the superior court in the sum of \$100 each. The defendants claim that they are simply members of a chess and club, and are not transgressors of the law.

Malaria is one of the most insidious of health destroyers. Hood's Sarsaparilla counteracts its deadly poison and builds up the system.

Don't fail to visit Thompson & Co.'s new market, corner Whitehall street and Central railroad. Just opened today. Every thing fresh, fruits, vegetables, fresh meat of all kinds, salt water fish, fresh water fish—in fact, all kinds of fish—except stale fish. Telephone 186 and your order will be promptly attended to.

A SLENDID AGENCY.
Mr. W. T. Crenshaw Secures the Imperial Insurance Company.
I am pleased to announce to the insuring public in Atlanta that I have just secured the agency of the Imperial Insurance Company, of London, England, one of the oldest, strongest, largest and best of all the English fire insurance companies.
I am, therefore, better able than ever to take good care of the interests of my friends and patrons, and to all such, with whose patronage my agency is favored, I guarantee prompt, straightforward, business-like attention.
The agency of the Imperial and of the other well known and staunch old companies, the Phoenix, of Brooklyn, and the London Assurance, completes my fire insurance agency and furnishes me with almost perfect facilities for handling satisfactorily all fire risks. I may be favored, and lines with which I am respectively solicited.
After more than ten years' experience I can safely promise correct and proper attention to all business entrusted to my care. Very truly, W. T. CRENSHAW, April 17-4t.

PERSONAL.
C. J. Daniel, wall paper, window shades, furniture and room moulding. 40 Marietta street. Send for samples.

For Kidney Troubles
use Roval Germetuer,
— Peachtree Street.

GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY.
THE WORLD-FAMED LIVER, BLOOD AND LUNG REMEDY. WHAT AILS YOU?

Are You Sick?

Do you feel dull, languid, low-spirited, fullness or bloating after eating, tongue coated, bitter or bad taste in mouth, irregular appetite, frequent headaches, "floating specks" before eyes, nervous prostration and drowsiness after meals?

If you have any considerable number of these symptoms you are suffering from Torpid Liver, associated with Dyspepsia, or Indigestion. The more complicated your disease the greater the number of symptoms. No matter what stage it has reached Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will subdue it.

If not cured, complications multiply and Consumption of the Lungs, Skin Diseases, Heart Disease, Rheumatism, Kidney Disease, or other grave maladies are quite liable to set in and, sooner or later, induce a fatal termination.

DR. PIERCE'S GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY acts powerfully upon the Liver, and through that great blood-purifying organ,

cleanses the system of all blood-taints and impurities, from whatever cause arising. It is equally efficacious in acting upon the Kidneys, and other excretory organs, cleansing, strengthening, and healing their diseases. As an appetizing restorative tonic, it promotes digestion and nutrition, thereby building up both flesh and strength.

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."
Thoroughly cleanse the blood, which is the fountain of health, by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, and bodily health and vigor will be established.

GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY cures all humors, from a common Blotch or Eruption, to the worst Scrofula, Salt-rheum, "Fever-sores," Scaly or Rough Skin, in short, all diseases caused by bad blood are conquered by this powerful, purifying and invigorating medicine. Great Eruptions rapidly heal under its benign influence. Virulent blood-poisons are, by its use, robbed of their power. Especially has it manifested its po-

stomach with pain in my right side and back, and headache, but taste in my mouth; at night I was feverish and the soles of my feet burned. I took four bottles of the "Discovery," and two bottles of the "Pellies." I am well and hearty and can eat as well as any body can, thanks to your "Discovery."

ECZEMA.
JOSEPH P. DELANO, Esq., of Warsaw, Richmond, Co., Va., writes: "About five years ago I was taken with a dis-coloration of the skin on my legs and arms, which in a short time terminated in the most aggravated eczema. My sufferings were intense, and no relief did I experience, until I commenced the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and more than that number of the 'Pellies,' and believe that I am entirely cured. I never feel the least itching or burning, which was at one time so unbearable. My appetite and digestion are splendid, and although I will be seventy years old my next birthday, I am as hearty and strong as most men of fifty."

Mr. G. MILTON SYMON, Druggist of Warsaw, Richmond, Co., Va., writes: "My friend, Mr. J. P. Delano, has requested me to write in confirmation of his statement, which I cheerfully do. I know him personally, well, and can testify to the correctness of his statement. His case of eczema was the worst that I had ever seen. I saw him often during the time he was afflicted, as he came to my store often after medicine. He purchased the 'Discovery' and 'Pellies' from me, and has been one of the strongest champions of your medicines, and thus added me very much in his sale. I am quite sure that he has been the means of my selling several dozens of that preparation."

CATARRH OF TWENTY YEARS' STANDING.
JOHN WEAVER, of West Carrollton, Montgomery Co., Pa., writes: "My catarrh was of about twenty years' standing. My left nostril closed, I could not breathe through it; had a constant pain above my left eye night and day. I commenced using Sage's Catarrh Remedy at the same time, and the 'Golden Medical Discovery.' I used one package and one bottle of 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and I found great relief after using the 'Discovery.' I thought all was right, but I began to feel the effects of it again, so I got the 'Pellies,' and the best I am rid of it. Since I commenced using your medicines, I have taken six bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery."

A Treatise on either Dyspepsia and Liver Disease, Blood and Skin Diseases, or one on Nasal Catarrh or on Consumption and other diseases of the Respiratory Organs, mailed on receipt of six cents (stamp) for postage.

Address,
World's Dispensary Medical Association,
No. 603 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

J. M. High & Co.

Today You Buy

Gents' French Balbriggan Half Hose, worth 35c at 17c a pair.

Ladies' Fast Black, High Spliced Heel and Double Sole Hose at 19c, worth 35c.

Ladies' Unlaundered Shirts, Linen Bosom and Bands, worth truly 65c, special at 33½ each.

Ladies' Lisle Thread Vests, worth 50c at 25c each.

Ladies' Glace Kid Gloves at \$1, reduced from \$1.50.

Gents' Teck Scarfs, worth 50c, at only 21c each.

Ladies' Percale Shirt Waists at 25c, worth double.

Ladies' Knox Straw Sailor Hats \$1 value, a run on them at 39c each.

Ladies' (all leather) Kid Oxford Ties at 75c a pair.

Boys' Double Breasted Woolen Suits at \$2.75, worth \$5.

Gents' Fine Laundered Shirts, Full Dress, worth \$1.50, a special leader at 75c each.

J. M. High & Co.

Old papers for sale at The Constitution Office, 20 cents per hundred.

OPUM and Whiskey Habits cured at home without the use of medicine. Send for FREE. R. M. WOOLLEY, M.D., Atlanta, Ga., Office 101½ Whitehall St. apr 21, may 11, 21, June 22.

CONSUMPTION, WEAK LUNGS, SPITTING OF BLOOD.

GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY cures Consumption (which is Scrofula of the Lungs), by its wonderful blood-purifying, invigorating and nutritive properties. For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Bronchitis, Chronic Nasal Catarrh, Severe Coughs, Asthma, and kindred affections, it is a sovereign remedy. While it promptly cures the severest Coughs it strengthens the system and purifies the blood.

The nutritive properties of extract of malt and cod liver oil are trifling when compared with those possessed by the "Discovery."

It rapidly builds up the solid flesh and weight of those reduced below the usual standard of health by "wasting diseases."

thus added me very much in his sale. I am quite sure that he has been the means of my selling several dozens of that preparation."

FOR SALE.
I offer my residence, corner West Peachtree and North avenue—11 large rooms, hot and cold water in each bedroom—all modern conveniences at a bargain. Terms to suit purchaser.
A. C. BRISCOE, Capital.

GO TO THE
Brookwood Floral Company,
13 Decatur Street,
(KIMBALL HOUSE).

FOR BEDDING PLANTS, CHOICE
ROSES, GERANIUMS, BEGONIAS, ETC.,
TELEPHONE 175.

TAX NOTICE.
The books for receiving state and county tax returns are now open. Please come forward and make returns as early as possible, as my time is limited. T. M. Armistead, Tax Receiver, Fulton Co., Ga. apr21-2m

FOR SALE—Miscellaneous.
WANTED—Partly paid-up stock in any building and fire insurance association amount paid in. Address P. O. Box 195, Macon, Ga. apr 17-1w

WANTED—Boarders.
I HAVE rented Mrs. Douglas's elegant home on Peachtree, 897, where I will take a few select boarders; everything strictly first-class, and the best the market affords. Mrs. M. E. Cannon. apr21-7t

PARTIES desiring first-class board with large, airy front rooms in private family can secure same by applying at once to No. 89 Capitol ave. apr21-2t

FOR SALE—Miscellaneous.
WE HAVE a second-hand Longley's Times Mailer which we will sell at a bargain. Call or address, Constitution Publishing Company.

PERSONAL.
CASH paid for old gold and silver. Julius Watts & Co. Jewelers, Whitehall. jan18-2m

CATHOLIC GENTLEMEN, well connected, become acquainted with an educated lady, who is a native of the South, and who is desirous of making a permanent home in Atlanta. Address, for three days, X. M. Atlanta, Constitution, Atlanta.

ATLANTA, GA., April 18.—Notice is given to transfer my retail liquor license from 99 to 60 Decatur street. Jacob Gross, 60 Decatur street. apr 17-2t

MARRIED LADIES, for absolute safety and health use the Germ. New Invention. Send 10 cents. Ladies' Novelty Company, Kansas City, Mo. sep11-7t

WHEN IN BUFFALO stop at the Genesee Niagara Falls forty miles away. July 15-17.

FOR RENT—Cottages, Houses, Etc.
AN APPROVED tenant can rent at once a 2-story cottage, 600 sq. ft., with all the nice lot, Georgia ave., near Washington; also a 600 sq. ft. lot, near Washington, and a 600 sq. ft. lot, near Washington. See me today. C. H. Girardeau, with S. B. Turman, 4 East Wall.

FOR RENT—7-room house, 24 Piedmont water and gas. This is central and cheap. See it. C. H. Girardeau, with S. B. Turman, Kimball house. apr 15-1w

FOR RENT—The Venable building, Nos. 29 and 31 South Forsyth street. Apply at office of Venable Bros. apr 15-1w

FOR RENT—Miscellaneous.
STORE ON South Forsyth street, new located for \$7.50; will rent for \$25.00 per month. C. H. Girardeau, 8 East Wall street. apr 15-1w

FOR SALE—Real Estate.
TO EXCHANGE—New 11-room house, near the city, with all the improvements down, for a 6-room house farther out, with large lot. Owner, care Carrier No. 2.

INSTRUCTION.
ACTING THOROUGHLY and practically taught. Forty-second street, New York. This is a fully equipped dramatic school, possessing stage, scenery and practice rooms; graduates on application to Edwin Gordon Lawrence, director. apr 15-3w

TYPEWRITERS AND SUPPLIES.
TYPEWRITERS—Typewriter supplies for all machines. Office machines, duplicating machines. Telephone orders given prompt attention. Call up 1,000 and have sent up your supplies. Dromore office, George M. Polger, 71 N. Pryor st.

BATHS + ANIDROSIS SANITARIUM
Skegness, Maine, will mail you the true guide to health and lucrative, humane practice.

LOST.
STRAYED OR STOLEN—One dark bay mare, branded on the left shoulder "20," with few stars on the legs, about eight years old. I will pay liberal reward for the return of the mare. F. M. Moore, 81 Glimer street.

WANTED—Board.
BOARD WANTED—Young gentleman desires board or room; state rent, which must be low. A. B. Atlanta Constitution.

your easy seeing. All the latest effects at lowest pricess. You'll be at a disadvantage buying elsewhere.

Eiseman Bros.

FACTORY

feet,

AGLEY, G. A. NICHOLSON,
ASSISTANT CASHIER.

J. J. FORTER, Manager.

Banking Co.,
Capital, \$320,000

President, JOSEPH A. M.
Cashier, J. J. FORTER.

BANKING CO.
Atlanta, Ga.

plus, \$25,000.

A. P. MORGAN
& RICHARDSON

JACOB HAAS, Cashier.

BANK.

DEPOSITS \$100,000

AGENTS to rep.
Insurance Company.

will personally

successful opera-

ty-three million

annual dividends

of all kinds.

State Agent,
Atlanta, Ga.

for determining

seven thousand dollars

At a regular meeting

THE CONSTITUTION, JR.

DEVOTED TO THE INSTRUCTION AND AMUSEMENT OF THE YOUNG READERS OF THE CONSTITUTION,

Supplement to The
Atlanta Constitution.

ATLANTA, GA., SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1894.

MY DOG SAM JONES.

When a young friend of mine gave me a small puppy during one of Rev. Sam Jones's tabernacle meetings I had no thought of the treasure that surely came to me by this happy presentation thus named.

He was a little fat, roly-poly sort of fellow—always greedy for sweet milk and always in a wiggle when he could take the time from his frequent scratchings—to perform the wiggle. But Sam soon left the infantile baby stage and began to develop into what he afterwards became—the handsomest Scotch collie, my eyes ever beheld.

He is a perfect picture of what a perfect dog can be—of his species.

If I was an artist I would make his picture for you, but I can only describe his looks as best I can and leave the rest to your imagination.

As he lies before me, while I am writing this notice of him, he is a model for Rosa Bonheur, or any other animal painter or artist.

He is large in size, well-developed for strength and grace in every particular. His hair appears to be black until the strong wind parts his silken coat, then you find it shades into a clear, rich tan, with white trimmings. The hair is thick and inclines to curl. He has a royal Elizabethan white ruff around his neck, wears a snowy vest, plume stockings, and the end of his thick, plummy tail has six inches of soft, waving white hair that gives it a superb finish and loveliness.

His small face, with its white oblong star, is illuminated with the softest and clearest of brown eyes, that seem human in expression when he looks in your face as if to tell you how much he loves you.

But his beauty, strength and activity are not his chief attractions, although all these are excellent for their superiority, as before said, and again emphasized. His crowning excellence is his true loyalty and generous devotion to those he loves. He never fails to be vigilant, never omits a single phase of his duty as he understands it, and has never to be coaxed to do anything, for he is constantly alert and always up to the mark in his business.

His loyalty is so perfect that it knows no variableness or shadow of turning. Night or day, he is ready with a joyful welcome when I enter our gate, and it is many the dress that his eager feet have soiled in the warmth of his greeting and profuseness of his welcome.

If strangers are in the house Sam never loses sight of me, and if their conversation is loud or emphatic Sam will not leave my side. If I walk in the yard he follows at a respectful distance, but if I am accosted by a strange voice he is instantly within touch of me. When I superintend outdoor work he keeps near me, as a protector, and if I ride on horseback in the fields he leads the way and hovers about me, without regard for his own amusement or recreation.

If we come to a fork in the road he stands at the parting of the way until Gipsy's head is inclined to the right road; then Sam gives a joyful bark and on we go—the brave dog intent on my pleasure and protection.

Instant to obey, he is always ready, always more than willing, never to be urged, never to be scolded, except for overdoing. My dog, Sam, is the finest specimen of duty well performed that I ever knew in man or beast.

He has a comrade—Dick—another thoroughbred Scotch collie, of a different strain, and a good enough dog if he was not always eclipsed by Sam, the glorious none such.

Sam is very kind to Dick in a way, but if Dick gets a thrashing from his owners Sam immediately proceeds to give him another to make him remember, and, as I suppose, to make him better.

Dick loves to sleep; has to be called; has to be "set on," but Sam is like a sensitive plant, he is so easily impressed and so vigilant, both by day and night. Dick is devoted to my saddle mare—lies by the saddle night and day and is like a bright, well-oiled machine when he is once aroused and started, but Sam loves Gipsy because his mistress rides her; he caresses her to keep her up to her duty, and as soon as we get home he leaves the saddle to Dick's care and betakes himself to the care of his mistress.

When we cross streams of water in our frequent outings Sam runs ahead to enjoy a plunge bath and I am happy to watch his pleasure. Again and again he dives until Gipsy passes on, when he forsakes his greatest fun to be ready to accompany me homeward. When I drink at the branch Sam takes his drink also, just as near to her mouth as the highbred, disdainful steed will allow him. Some time she snorts and refuses to partake with her small companion; then Sam patiently waits her pleasure, but generally contrives to have his way, which I very much believe is moved to do because he never relaxes his watchful care for the beloved rider. His desire to have his thirst slaked, where the water is sweetened by the mare's breath, very much resembles an intention to keep a lynx-eyed surveillance on her movements, for certain it is that she may drink fifty times a day in the house lot branch without any such demonstration, on his part, when she is riderless and unbridled.

Sam belongs to a distinguished ancestry. His grand-parents were imported at a cost of \$300 to the Canadian purchaser.

Sam's sire is said to have been also an uncommon dog—for beauty and sagacity.

Whatever the best of them may have been none could be superior to my dear pet, now advancing into the sixth year of his age, growing better and more cherished with each succeeding year of his life.

Sam is unlike a dog in his great fear of thunder and lightning. He crouches under the bed or shelters his head under his mistress's apron while the storm lasts. Time and again has he crept to my bedside to touch my hand with his cold nose as he trembled and panted in an agony of fear. When efforts are made to drive him out his distress is pitiable, for he will fall on his knees and take the rod without flinching to be allowed human company while the storm rages.

He knows when you talk about him. Often I make a test of this surprising faculty. Some days ago as I sat in my room I heard a mule pawing at the barn door. I remarked as I looked through the closed window, "Old Tom is sure to break down that door if he is not driven away."

Quick as thought Sam darted from the

room, ran to the lot and singled old Tom out of a dozen horses and mules for a furious barking and pursuit.

If I narrate the deeds on my return from a ride he wags his tail with regular beats on the floor so long as he is the topic of conversation—perhaps to verify what is being said of him.

Dick might raise his head to hear his own name called, but he shows nothing of Sam's wide-awake and astonishing comprehension when his conduct is discussed or commented upon.

If his master chances to forget to feed him, which rarely happens, Sam makes it known, not in words, but with as much certainty as if he had the gift of speech. He does not loiter outside looking for the missing meal, but he gets around all before yet no matter where you go or what you are doing until you are made aware of his wishes and of your neglect.

When I share tidbits with him he does not jump and clamor for them, but holds his head reverently near the hearth until the coveted morsel is placed before him.

Take him as you find him, everywhere, he is the nearest all-round dog that I can ever hope to see. If he had been trained to herd flocks he could have been taught perfectly, but in default of sheep and herds of cattle his gift has shown itself in his unequalled care of his own white folks. He is particularly averse to colored people—not belligerent or ill-tempered, but he passes them by with a hasty glance unless they are trespassing, but of his own dear ones—the trio that he loves to devotion—he never wearies or ceases to appreciate. There is no picture of contentment that I have ever seen which will compare with his plainly expressed satisfaction as he sits in front of our little family, to be stroked alternately by each loving hand as he turns from one to another for the kind attention. When he walks beside us—every fiber of his active frame thrilling with delight and happiness—I never



saw greater physical beauty in any creature that could not speak. He carries himself at such times with royal grace from the beautiful head to the curvilinear tail that moves and glides with its silken shaded plumage, until he spies an intruder, when his majestic dignity subsides into fleet action with swift pursuit and encounter—for he is a very Julius Caesar for courage.

He is as sensitive to rebuke as a tender-hearted child, and I verily believe kindness would break his noble heart. Some years ago he attempted to hold a fat porker while an awkward lout knocked the hog senseless with an ax, but the blow fell on Sam's forehead, laying it bare to the bone.

The red blood spouted and the poor doggie suffered with violent pain. Again and again we watched the flow, but he rubbed the wound open, as often with his feet. It was thought necessary to chain him to save his life, but we despaired when he refused both food and water and became sullen, listless and unresponsive. I watched all day and had given him up at bedtime, for he lay prone and limp on the back veranda in the darkness. I could not sleep, and when midnight came I rose and carried the wounded pet a basin of fresh water with the earle result. Suddenly it dawned upon my mind that Sam was grieving because of the chain. I unclasped the links, set him free and petted him with a flood of tears on my own part, that I had been so stupid. Instantly he recovered his spirits, caressed my hands, danced about me and joyfully accepted the food and drink. He lay quietly on the rug until morning, renewing his caresses and his gratitude when I greeted with petting words after the welcome daylight dawned for us both. I believe he would have died from grief if that chain had not been removed. I think he would die with shame, if again humiliated and made to feel an indignity or disgrace. It is an open question as to how much he really knows, and feels, and suffers, for he is evidently on a higher plane than the common brute creation, if his sphere is lower than that of the human mind. MRS. W. H. FELTON.

April 10, 1894.

A Tigress' Recognition of Kindness.

"Savage beasts even in their native wilds, sometimes recognize an act of kindness and show their gratitude by the most unmistakable signs," remarked Thomas Maynard, an old sea captain.

"A number of years ago the ship which I then commanded was becalmed off the coast of India, and, taking a boat load of men, I went ashore in search of fresh water. In some way I became separated from the crew and, in wandering around was a good deal startled at coming directly upon a full-grown tigress. Much to my surprise the beast did not make any hostile demonstrations toward me, but, crouching on the ground, looked steadfastly first at my face and then at a tree a short distance away. For a time I could not understand this conduct and not daring to run for fear she

would at once overtake me, I stood rooted to the spot.

"Presently the tigress arose and walked to the tree, looking backward as she went. On turning my gaze aloft I saw among the branches of the tree what had caused the evident solicitation of the tigress. There, perched on one of the limbs, sat a big baboon with two little tiger cubs in his arms. Having an ax with me I started to cut the tree down, the tigress watching me intently all the while. When the tree fell and the tree animals with it the tigress pounced upon the baboon and with great fury despatched it. After gently caressing her offspring she turned to me with a look which plainly expressed her thanks for the service I had rendered her. She then disappeared in the forest, her two cubs trotting behind her."

MY LITTLE ALEUTIAN FRIEND.

How Youngsters Live Up in the Land of Ice and Snow.

Still hunting for gold and never getting all we need, that is why we work and change place; and let me say the motive is not the noblest, but it was that and a love of adventure that took me to the island of Kodiak many years ago. We own it now, but at one time the island belonged to Russia, and it was they who built and named the little hamlet of Alexandria. Negro lived near Alexandria with father and mother, and no end of brothers and sisters. They were Aleuts, that is natives of the Aleutian islands, and their eyes were blue, like those of the Chinese, and like those people they were short of stature; but the long black hair, and the coppery color of the skin, made them look like Indians on the nearby shore of America, and I am sure they are all related.

Negro was my servant; he looked to be about fifteen, he might have passed for twelve, but he was as strong and active as a grown up man, and had the solemn ways of one who had seen at least a century

no change of clothes on going to bed or getting up, and no bathing or washing. The people wash themselves with oil, but the only time they ever wet themselves is when they are thrown into the cold salt sea from their kayaks, when hunting the seal or walrus.

Negro's little brothers and sisters, with a lot of children from the neighboring cellars, were running about in very light attire; and judging by their happy laughter, they were having a good time of it. Some sat in groups playing a game with the knuckle



A TEAM OF TWENTY DAYS.

bones of the seal, that resembled our jackstones.

Hanging from the roof of this strange house, there were long strings of dried fish, black with soot from the fire and lamps, and in the corners were skin bags full of oil for food, fuel and shampooing.

The only English words Negro knew were "grub" and "dollar." He made me sit down on a chair made from the jawbone of a young whale—even the rafters were whale's ribs—and then hopped about gleefully and cried out: "Oh, grub! grub! grub!"

His mother and an old woman with sore eyes, who must have been his grandmother, and a still older woman with much sore eyes, who must have been his great grandmother, brought me some oil in a cup made from a seal's skull, on platters made of the shoulder blades of dogs, they brought me fish and dried reindeer meat, and, to show how I appreciated their hospitality, I went through the motions of eating.

They raise a few potatoes at Kodiak, and this is the only vegetable food of the natives, and a friend of mine made this rhyme:

"The potatoes grow so small—in Kodiak,
That they eat them skins and all.
And for more the children bawl—in Kodiak."

There are no schools, and except the little mission chapel at Alexandria, there is no church in all the vast number of islands that link Asia to America.

The men are famous hunters and fishers, and my boy, Negro, was the equal of the best, for he had speared a walrus, and he could drive a team of twenty dogs over the snow.

They work hard during their one day of six months, but the long night is not dreary to them. The moon, the stars and the brilliant aurora are good substitutes for the sun. I wanted to take Negro away with me to a land where he could have no end of candles to eat, but he shook his head, and told me as well as he could that to him the fairest land in all the world was the frozen island of Kodiak.

SAVED BY GIRLS.

An Old Mariner Was Rescued by Two Young People.

Girls may be naturally timid, but when the occasion requires it they can be just as brave as any boy or man. See what two Long Island girls did while a man stood on the bank and was afraid to help them. This is what The Washington Post says about them:

"All honor to Olive Terry and Ruby Lupton, the brave little girls of Greenport, L. I., respectively but ten and eleven years old, who saved the life of John Devoe, an aged fisherman, the other day.

"The old man had lost an oar, was helplessly injured by a fall upon the edge of the boat, and the waves were dashing over his little craft, threatening the most tragic consequences to its occupant.

"The girls, who were playing on the beach at the time, no sooner saw the fisherman's unfortunate plight than they 'manned' a skiff and pulled out into the bay for his rescue. It was a daring and dangerous performance, but Olive and Ruby are well versed in the navigation of Greenport bay, and, knowing how to manage a boat, even in a storm, soon reached the object of their endeavor, made fast to the drifting shaple and safely landed both themselves and the lone fisherman, who was bewildered and hurt, but soon recovered and blessed the young heroines with an old man's gratitude.

"Contrast the conduct of these little children with that of a so-called man who stood complacently on the dock while all this was going on and remarked from time to time: 'I guess they'll come out all right!'

"Then cheers till the welkin rings for the plucky little girls who thus put to shame the man upon the dock and covered themselves with glory. It is of such material that Grace Darlings are made; and not only these, but the sweetest of sweethearts, the noblest of women, and the best of wives and mothers."

Clever Hunting by Hawks.

From The Globe-Democrat.

"I have witnessed many incidents which proved conclusively to me that animal intelligence is not different from human intelligence in kind, but only in degree," remarked Joseph W. Symes, of Manchester, England. "For a number of years I was an engineer on one of our railroads, and often wondered at the promptness with which the hawks took advantage of the appliances of modern civilization. I have frequently seen these hawks fly close behind the train, near the ground, where they are partly hidden by the smoke. As the cars thunder along through the fields and meadows, small birds fly up in the air, bewildered by the noise and approach of the train. The hawk then dashes among them out of the smoke and easily secures his prey. Should it be unsuccessful, it returns to the wake of another train, and awaits the startling of another bevy."

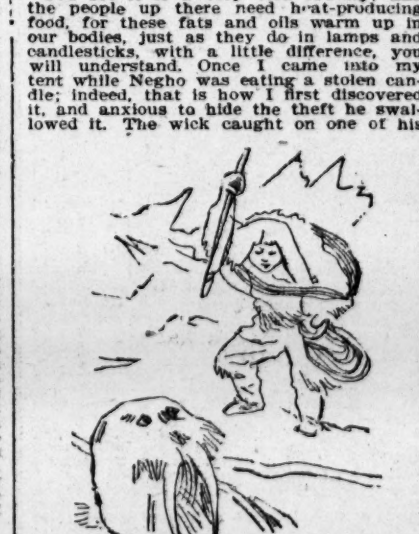
A Far-Sighted Little One.

Just before Christmas a lady overheard her two children, Phyllis, aged three years and a half, and Marion, aged five, quarreling. Marion became disgusted and dropped to her knees with the announcement that she was going to pray. Very soon her prayer was interrupted by a laugh, and a remark from Phyllis: "God is so busy tending to Christmas now He won't listen to you."

of life, for he but seldom laughed. He took everything seriously; but he was as honest as the sun, with the moon and a lot of stars thrown in—except that he would steal tallow candles and whale oil, whenever my back was turned.

"These are strange things for a boy to steal," you say and you ask, "What did he do with them?" Well, he drank the oil and smoked his lips with great relish after it; and he ate the candles with more enjoyment than any one of my nephews ever ate candy.

You see it is a very cold country, and the people up there need heat-producing food, for these fats and oils warm up in our bodies, just as they do in lamps and candlesticks, with a little difference, you will understand. Once I came into my tent while Negro was eating a stolen candle; indeed, that is how I first discovered it, and anxious to hide the theft he swallowed it. The wick caught on one of his



SPEARED A WALRUS.

teeth, and he was seized with a strangling fit. I patted him vigorously on the back and brought up the wick with bits of tallow adhering, and he was a very penitent and a very sad boy. After that I tried to hide the candles.

Umak was Negro's father, and he lived down the shore in a house that couldn't be seen till one came right on it. It was like a big cellar roofed in with clay and moss, and the hole through which the smoke came looked like a baby volcano, but where the smoke came out the people went in, for it was at once, chimney, door and window.

The way to enter the house was by climbing down a notched pole. Shell lamps, filled with fish oil, lit up the place, and made a smell very hard for a white man to bear. About the walls there were bunks, like those on a ship or in a sleeping car, though far from being so clean. Furs were used for clothing and bed covers, but there were

NUMEROUS NEWSY NOTES.

The Junior and Calhoun street school correspondent, Jay Youngblood, writes the following very interesting letter:

"The Seventh Grade Historical Society, of Calhoun street school, met yesterday. The meeting began with a recitation by Miss Daisy Hamilton, which was followed by music by Miss Ruth Threadcraft and Miss Birdie McClester. Several recitations preceded the debate, and all were thoroughly enjoyed. Among the guests were: Miss Jessie Muse, her eighth grade and Miss Hattie Thompson, teacher of the first grade.

"The subject of the debate, 'Resolved, That Girls Are More Given to Gossip than Boys,' was proposed by our esteemed principal, Mrs. H. R. Echols, and a more en-



MASTER HOMER CAIN.

tertaining subject would have been hard to find. The gentlemen on the affirmative were Messrs. Jay Youngblood, Warren Alexander, W. T. Waters and Joe Kingsbery. The ladies on the negative were Misses Katie Glover, Lula McCall, Virginia Ellison and Ruth Threadcraft.

The debate was opened by Jay Youngblood, and Miss Glover replied in favor of the negative. Miss Glover pressed the idea upon the judges that men gossiped at club-rooms.

"Mr. Alexander's debate was highly entertaining, and Mr. Kingsbery's was received with much applause. After Mr. Waters and several ladies on the negative had read their debates, the judges went out to render a decision. While they were out, Miss Mabel Marshall entertained the class with a recitation. After a short ab-



LITTLE MISS MAUDE HEATON.

sence, the judges returned to report that the affirmative had won.

All were pleased with the decision, and, after an enjoyable hour, the society adjourned.

"Although the judges decided in favor of the affirmative, the ladies present still cling to the very mistaken belief that men were the greater gossip. It went to prove that old saying—although it needs no proving.

"Convince a woman against her will. She'll have the same opinion still."

Formwalt street school furnishes a boy who has stood at the head of his class all the year and is still in front. His name is Master Homer Cain and he is in the fifth grade. The young ladies have been keeping so well ahead that it is gratifying to find a boy who has taken a stand at the top and has kept it for nearly a year. Master Cain certainly deserves congratulations on



MISSES VIOLA AND MARIE PARKS.

the record and it is to be hoped that they will keep it up.

The brightest and most interesting street school, of which Mrs. [Name] is the principal, is Little Miss Maude Heaton. She is first honor pupil of this month—a distinction won by studying hard. The like-ness of a splendid one and shows Miss Heaton has a face that is a great credit to her playmates as well as with

often happen that two sisters of the same grade, and still less does it mean that both of them are honor pupils. In the case with little Misses Marie Parks, of the sixth grade street school. They are just as the picture demonstrates and help her always, without any of the



RAY KLEIN.

that sisters will sometimes have two little ladies have much more than that is good. May they remain honor pupils.

Ray Klein, who is in the first street school, must be a great perseverer. This is a first street school, where he has been for eight years. Her rec-

ord during these years has been a splendid one and her parents have every reason to be proud of her. It is to be hoped that Miss Klein may attend the Girls' High school with the same degree of success.

The Bluebell Society is composed of the younger boys and girls of West End and is a happy club. It has meetings and gives cute entertainments, in which the members take part. The society is under the chaperonage of a most charming lady, who attends all the meetings.

Master Robert Hemphill, who has been ill for the past week, is much better. His many playmates will be glad to learn of his recovery.

An interesting letter comes from Master J. A. Lanier, of Fayetteville, Ga. He tells about the Fayetteville school and says that they have a literary society, a debating society and a baseball team. The literary society meets every Friday night.

Master Robert Riley, who is only seven years old, sends The Junior a nice little composition. It is well written, and shows that Master Riley is a bright youngster. He is in the second grade of Ivy street school.

AMATEUR ATHLETICS.

Do the members of your team obey the captain? Surely, they do, or else you cannot hope to stand the least chance of winning a game from a well organized club. One of you may like to play first base, or short-stop; or maybe you have ambition to become a pitcher. All this selfishness you must set aside at the decision of your captain. If he says that the first baseman is better in left field and puts the second baseman on first there should be no sulking from any one. The player who sulks is not the proper man to have on a baseball nine. Have you anybody to coach you, besides the captain? If not, you should try to get some older player to watch over your practice for you. Now, right here, boys, there is something to be said about practice games. When you are practicing you must do your level best and play your very hardest. Don't miff a ball and excuse your error by saying that you could have caught it if you had wanted to. Don't dodge a grounder nor avoid a liner. Make a try for it always. It is the man that is willing to practice, and does it well and with a vim, that should occupy a position on the team.

Next week I shall say something about batting and catching.

I am glad to see that amateur baseball is on a spring boom. Nothing is so good for boys as lots of out-of-door exercise. It would be a fine thing if there could be a schedule of amateur games arranged for two days every week—or even once, on Saturdays. Let every team send in to The Junior its name and a list of the games played—lost and won—by it this year, and perhaps some account can be kept of the various clubs of youngsters.

Then, too, it might be a good idea to print the pictures of the captains of the teams and something about the nine. This column is intended more especially for baseball than anything else, but none of the amateur sports will be slighted. If you are a read of The Junior and know of a team, send in the name or tell the captain about it and inform him that The Junior would like to get his photograph. I am quite sure that all you boys will be pleased with these suggestions, and if you have anything to add, let's hear from you.

It may surprise you young footballists—though it is very true—to hear that the French know the least in the world about football. Here is an account of the first game a French football team ever won; it is taken from The London Courier-Journal:

Football has suddenly become exceedingly popular in France, and there is no undue anxiety shown with regard to the rough ways which are somewhat necessary. There are many capital clubs, and a game always draws a very large number of spectators, who take a deep interest in the progress of the doings. On Monday last, there was an international game played at Becon les Bruyeres between the English Rosslyn Park Club and the Stade Francais. The play was all through very spirited on both sides, but the issue, certainly due to the great smartness of the French, was in their favor, the score of the Stade Francais being three tries (nine points) to three tries (eight points). This is the first game at football won by a French team, and the victory was welcomed by great and prolonged cheering, in which English and French voices equally joined.

The Whitehall Street Hornets played the Washington Tigers at the corner of Georgia avenue and Washington street, the score being 18 to 12 in favor of the Hornets. The game was played Monday afternoon. The Hornets' men are as follows: William Erskine, captain and catcher; Joe Smith, pitcher; Henry Heinz, short stop; Sid Watts, first base; Oscar Adams, second base; Dave Morgan, third base; Boy Britwell, right field; Max Mauck, left field; C. Karpshire, center field.

The Hornets will play the Peachtree Blues on April 23.

Our Marietta street school correspondent, Carl Hutcheson, writes: "There was a very interesting game of baseball Saturday last between the Simpson Street Clippers and the Swift Branch team. There were five innings played and the score was 12 to 4, in favor of the Simpson Street Clippers.

"The Swift Branch team is known to be a pretty slick team, but the Clippers were too much for them. It is not likely that the Branch team will cross bats with the Clippers any more this season. The victorious team is under the management of Charles Osborn. The defeated club is managed by Hillard Spears."

Jesse Wood writes the following: "There was a very one-sided game last week between the North Atlanta, Jr., and the Boulevard boys, which resulted in a score of 25 to 5 in favor of the North Atlanta, Jr.s. There have been class teams organized in the Technological school, and there was a game between the apprentice and junior classes last Saturday. The juniors won by a score of 23 to 20, but the apprentices pushed them close. There is going to be a game today between the juniors and the mudslingers. The juniors are ahead in football. But it remains to be seen how they will come out in baseball. "Atlanta couldn't manage those Charleston fellows like they did Macon. She got

tripped, and if she don't mend she'll fall."

Walter Hay sends in the following notice of a game of baseball:

"There was a good game of baseball played between the E. A. B's and the White Star club at the corner of Edgewood avenue and Yonge street last week. It was won by the E. A. B's; score, 18 to 8. "For the E. A. B's: Marshall, Terry and Massey did the best playing; for the White Stars: Queen, Witt, Humstead and Denk all did good work."

The "Tigers" have made a few changes in their team, and they now hold the following positions:

T. Tupper, c.; Bowen, p.; V. Tupper, lb.; Murphy, 2b.; Gatins, 3b.; Muse, s.s.; Satzky, lf.; Payne, cf.; Boynton, rf.; Thompson, sub.

On last Saturday the Boulevard Stars and the Tigers played a game on the corner Summit and Angier ave. The score was 15 to 5 in favor of the Tigers.

On Wednesday afternoon the Whitehall street Hornets and the Tigers played a tie game on corner Washington street and Georgia avenue. The score was 13 to 13.

One of the most interesting games of the season will be played at Brisbane park on Memorial Day at 10 o'clock a. m. The two teams, Peachtree Blues and Tigers, are both composed of excellent players and the game will no doubt be a tight one. Let all of the amateurs in the city go to see the game.

HIGH SCHOOL NOTES.

The Boys' High school has prospered more during the scholastic year 1893-4 than ever before. This fact is mainly due to the excellent corps of teachers which compose the faculty.

Professor W. M. Slaton has exerted every influence, sparing neither time nor hard work, in order to make the boys of the senior class of 1894 excel those of the preceding year. In this, his labor has been rewarded, and it is only just to mention some of the work which the present senior class has accomplished under his efficient management.

It has gone farther in every study than any preceding class, and a part of the work will be given at another time.

Professor M. L. Brittain, of the second grade A, has done very faithful work this year, and has gained the love and esteem of his scholars. It will be remembered that he taught first grade A last year, and, on being promoted, all of his scholars rejoiced for having the privilege of remaining with him another year.

Professor E. C. Merry of second grade B, was principal of the West End academy last year, and when the board of education secured his services, they secured an excellent man. He is universally liked, and has done excellent work in his grade this term.

Professor E. E. West, of first grade A, was a teacher in the Technological school last year, and in securing him the Boys' High school has gained a worthy man. As a teacher, he is among the best in the city; as a friend, no truer could be found; as a companion for boys, he is par excellence.

Professor C. W. Otley, of first grade B, is a graduate of Princeton, and it was mainly through his influence that the boys' branch of the Young Men's Christian Association was organized. He has gained both the love and admiration of his pupils, and has been an excellent teacher thus far.

In fact, the city of Atlanta should be proud of the board of education that selected such a fine faculty for the Boys' High school.

The debate yesterday was very interesting. The subject was, 'Resolved, That duties on all articles that can be produced in our own country should be so high as to stop their importation.'

Those who took part in the discussion showed a thorough knowledge of the subject, and presented able debates. Although this subject has engaged the most profound consideration of the ablest thinkers of America, the boys handled it in a way that should be commended. The president, after reviewing the principal points of each side, gave his decision in favor of the negative. The leaders were Messrs. Sullivan, affirmative, and Werner, negative.

Immediately after the dismissal of school the members of the Boys' High school branch of the Young Men's Christian Association met in the parlors of the Young Men's Christian Association. The meeting was well attended, there being about fifteen present. The subject, "Sin," was thoroughly discussed by the leader, Mr. Joe Cole.

An Aged Equine Pensioner.

There is a horse in Owensboro, Ky., reputed to be thirty-seven years old, which is still fat, sleek and skittish, but through the provisions of a will made by its former owner it is not allowed to do any work. "Old Gilbert" is the name of the animal and it is now in the possession of Mrs. Phelon, who resides on Pearl street.

When Mrs. Fannie Sharp died about six years ago she left \$500 for the purpose of keeping "Old Gilbert" in ease and comfort the remainder of his days. She expressly stipulated that the horse should not be required to do any work and should be well fed and cared for. These requirements have been carried out and "Old Gilbert" leads the life of a retired capitalist or pensioner. He appears to be good for several years yet and, if allowed, would probably put in many an honest day's work. "Old Gilbert" is a bay gelding about fifteen hands high and well proportioned. He must have been rather frisky in his youth, for fully twenty years ago he ran away with Councilman John Higdon and his sweetheart, now Mrs. Higdon, smashed the buggy in splinters and nearly frightened the life out of the young people. He was well up in horse years then. He served four years during the war and came out without a scratch. Just which side he was on is not remembered, and it is barely possible that at one time or another he followed both the federal and the confederate flags.

They Never Fight.

Here is an interesting little paragraph from a book on Japanese children. I am sure that none of us are so rough as they try to make out:

Japanese children spend most of their lives out of doors. The only exceptions are those whom nobility deprives of the pleasures of common life. They have boisterous games, but the quarreling and fist-cuffs of a western playground are seemingly unknown in Nippon. Even among the lowly blows are exchanged only upon the rarest occasions. The father or mother who would strike a child would be shunned as a monster of barbarity. As a consequence there is a surprising concord and gentleness with extreme youth, and likewise an ignorance of the use of the fists which would be amazing to a little American.

LAST OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

One of Three Survivors of Wild Nolan's Ride Is Dead.

The glorious charge of the Light brigade at Balaklava has come down through history and has been celebrated in poetry. Many of you boys and girls have doubtless read "The Charge of the Light Brigade," and remember how the poet describes that awful ride "into the valley of death."

Out of the six hundred gallant soldiers that charged the Russian guns just seventy-four rode out again, and of that seventy-four only two are alive today. Last week there were three, but William Hibbert died in New York, leaving only two. Hibbert was a very brave man and fought through the horrors of the Crimea, Sebastopol, Inkerman, Alma and Balaklava. For his bravery he was given a silver medal with four bars—a treasure that he held dearer than his life.

The room in which Hibbert died was covered with prints of that famous charge. Before he died the old veteran told about the order which has always been supposed to have been a mistake, and this is what he said, pointing at the prints:

"There, ye see? There's where we was goin' in. That's Nolan—Captain Nolan, him as brought the message that they had all the row about. History never found out who sent the message for us to charge them guns, but Lucan never sent it. Everybody always thought Ragland sent it to Cardigan; that was his brother-in-law. Oh," and old Hibbert sighed and shook his



HIBBERT'S GLORIOUS MEDAL.

head, "It was a pity—a sinful, terrible thing. I can remember it as plain as if I saw it now, as Nolan rode up and gave the order."

"Cardigan turned on him and cried: Nolan, who sent that order? No answer. Then he asked again: 'Who sent that order?' Third time he asked him and all the answer Nolan made was—he pointin' to the breastworks: 'There's the enemy. Go!' Then he dashed on."

"Cardigan just threw back his head and said: 'Here's the last.' For an hour after that nobody knew what was happening, except that we was runnin' right into hell, as the poem said. Three miles away. It looked like a lifetime journey and the men began to fall away as the shells yelled and tore among us. Every time one toppled off his horse near me I thought I was goin' next. The man who expected to come out of that would have been crazy. The four men next me, in front, behind and on both sides were killed, and as I spurred on alone, I saw a shell coming straight toward me, straight, straight, 'Hibbert, ye're gone,' said I. But I give just one jab o' the spur into that mare and she leapt like a shot. She swerved, I should think, a dozen feet and the shell took her nigh hind leg. I went tumbling. When I picked myself up there was a horse without any rider. I got into the saddle and went on with the rush. It was terrible."

As the old man went on with his story his pale face took on color, and his wife, tears in her eyes, came over and said, "Please don't let him talk so much."

A Battlefield Colloquy.

"Be quiet," said the veteran, "I'll be through in a minute. Well, sir, as I said, I spurred this big horse on and I passed Captain Williams."

"Hello, Bill," says he, 'where's that mare o' yours?' "Gone," says I. 'A shell struck her. I found this fellow runnin' loose.' "The captain looked at me and says, 'Bill, if I get back out of this alive you'll have a special mention for that.' That was the last I saw of him."

"Well, when we got up to about three hundred yards of the works, they couldn't train the guns on us, an' we jes' fought the Russians back an' cut 'em down an' spiked the guns. That was what we went for, ye see. We all had little spikin' mallets, and as he said this the old fellows hand intuitively sought his belt, but there was no mallet there, nothing save the thick plaid shawl which was pinned tight about him."

"There," he said, after coughing feebly, "there's the picture of the comin' back. Ye can see it was awful. Only seventy-four come out. An' Nolan was the first that had been killed. I saw his body. The ball had cut straight through his chest. That's a good picture o' him up there, a dashin' fellow an' the wildest Irishman and the best soldier that ever lived. An' that other picture; that's Cardigan."

"They wanted me to go back to England, but it's too late now. There's only three left of the seventy-four, an' Ah'm fanney in 'till be only two before I see you again, sir. Thank ye for good wishes, though."

And sure enough the next day the old veteran was dead.

A Rare Bird Egg.

Perhaps the most valuable eggs in the world are those laid by the auk. One was sold in London at auction the other day for \$1,550. The auk is a rare bird, rapidly becoming extinct, and lays but one egg, not in a nest, but right out on a bare rock. There are but sixty-eight auk eggs known to be in existence at the present time. Up to 1844 the bird was found along the Massachusetts coast, but since that time it has disappeared. It is never found except in the seas of the northern hemisphere, and is remarkable for being a bird which can never fly. Its wings are very small and are used as fins.

How She Got the Measles.

Visitor—How did Nettie get the measles? Small Brother—Oh, she'd saved up coughs, I s'pose.

THE CONSTITUTION, JR.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

FOR THE INSTRUCTION AND AMUSEMENT OF THE YOUNG READERS OF THE CONSTITUTION.

Sent Free, as a Supplement, to the Readers of the Daily Constitution.

All Letters and Communications Intended for this Issue Must be Addressed to The Constitution, Jr.

Atlanta, Ga., April 21, 1894.

The "American Hero" Prize.

After reading the very many manuscripts which were sent in to compete for the prize offered for the best sketch of 500 words of the "favorite American hero," the committee has decided that the sketch on "Sergeant Jasper," by Master Jay Youngblood, of Atlanta, all things being considered, is the best, and the prize of \$5 has accordingly been awarded to him.

In deciding the contest the committee made the idea advanced in the original offer the guiding principle. Before beginning to read the manuscripts it decided that originality of style and treatment, the enthusiasm shown by the writer in his hero, the description of his heroic actions and the logic of the argument advanced to justify the writer's claim that his hero was the greatest American hero should have greatest weight in deciding the contest. After having read all the manuscripts carefully, it was decided that the sketch of "Sergeant William Jasper," by Master Jay Youngblood, came nearer filling the requirements in every way than any other sketch, and hence he is declared winner of the \$5 in gold.

There were many very fine sketches written by the boys, and the knowledge of American history displayed was extremely creditable. In some instances slight errors slipped in. One boy said that after conquering the British at Yorktown, Washington was "elected to congress twice and then made president." Another boy expressed grave doubts as to Washington's veracity in the cherry tree matter, which was taken as an evidence of skepticism, which should not be encouraged. There were a great many other remarkable historical developments brought to light which had not been previously known; but, taken as a whole, the essays were extremely creditable and we only regret that we cannot give prizes to about twenty-five of them. We have kept several of the best sketches and will publish them in later issues with pictures of the young authors.

THIS WEEK'S PRIZE OFFER.

In the meantime we wish to once more call attention to the prize offer which will be closed on next Saturday. Look at the picture on the opposite page and write a story about it in not more than 500 words. The offer has been standing for one week and a great many stories about the picture have been received. But, as was at first announced, the offer will not be closed until the 28th of April. Any story mailed to The Constitution, Jr., not later than the 28th, will be entered in the contest. The result of the contest will be announced on the 5th of May, and the pictures of the boy and girl who write the best stories will be published.

The offer is a unique one and will give the young people a fine opportunity to show the originality of their imagination. Look at the picture and tell a story about it in not more than 500 words. The story may be about anything that the picture suggests, but the main incident or plot of the story must be so shaped that the picture will illustrate it.

To the boy under fifteen years of age who sends us the best story we will give \$3. To the girl under fifteen years of age who sends the best story we will give \$3. Remember all stories must be purely original and no help of any kind must be received in writing them. Look at the picture, think of a good story about it and write it out yourself without asking any aid from any one. All stories must be accompanied by a statement that no aid has been received.

A Purpose in View.

In the selection of stories, articles and sketches for The Constitution, Jr., it will be our purpose to publish only such as have a healthy and elevating tone. All stories which furnish false excitement or serve to point a bad moral will be avoided. We believe that if boys and girls are furnished with reading matter which is interesting and exciting, yet at the same time pure and healthy, it will go far toward removing a taste for that sensational class of literature which is so widely prevalent today. The surest way to guard the minds of youth against sensational literature is to accustom them to reading a purer class of stories. A boy or girl who has been accustomed to read really good stories of adventure or of everyday life will turn with disgust from the sensational dime novel. Their taste will be cultivated to a point where they will turn from the yellow-backed sensational stories, because they will fall to have interest in them.

If The Constitution, Jr., can furnish its readers with an abundance of bright, pure, interesting reading and get up contests to amuse them in a pure and healthy way, and at the same time embody a little instruction here and there, it will be fully satisfied with its mission.

The Esquimaux Baby Dead.

Little Christopher Columbus, the Esquimaux baby that was born at the world's fair last summer, died at the Midwinter exposition grounds in San Francisco on Tuesday, being the last of six children of these queer people born in this country to succumb to the same conditions.

THE EMPEROR'S NEW CLOTHES

By Hans Christian Andersen.

Many years ago there lived an emperor who was so excessively fond of grand new clothes that he spent all his money upon them that he might be very fine. He did not care about his soldiers nor about the theater and only liked to drive out and show his new clothes. He had a coat for every hour of the day, and, just as they say of a king, "he is in council," so they always said of him, "the emperor is in the wardrobe."

In the great city in which he lived it was always very merry; every day came many strangers; one day two rogues came. They gave themselves out as weavers and declared they could weave the finest stuff any one could imagine. Not only were their colors and patterns, they said, uncommonly beautiful, but the clothes made of the stuff possessed the wonderful quality that they became invisible to any one who was unfit for the office he held or was incorrigibly stupid.

"Those would be capital clothes," thought the emperor. "If I wore those I should be able to find out what men in my empire are not fit for the places they have; I could tell the clever from the dunces. Yes, the stuff must be woven for me directly!"

And he gave the two rogues a great deal of cash in hand, that they might begin their work at once.

As for them, they put up two looms, and pretended to be working; but they had nothing at all on their looms. They at once demanded the finest silk and the costliest gold; this they put into their own pockets, and worked at the empty looms till late into the night.

"I should like to know how far they have got on with the stuff," thought the emperor. But he felt quite uncomfortable when he thought that those who were not fit for their offices could not see it. He believed, indeed, that he had nothing to fear for himself, but yet he preferred first to send some one else to see how matters stood. All the people in the city knew what peculiar power the stuff possessed, and all were anxious to see how bad or how stupid their neighbors were.

"I will send my honest old minister to the weavers," thought the emperor. "He can judge best how the stuff looks, for he has sense, and no one understands his office better than he."

Now the good old minister went out into the hall where the two rogues sat working at the empty looms.

"Mercy on us!" thought the old minister, and he opened his eyes wide. "I cannot see anything at all!" But he did not say this.

Both the rogues begged him to be so good as to come nearer, and asked if he did not approve of the colors and the pattern. Then they pointed to the empty loom, and the poor old minister went on opening his eyes; but he could see nothing, for there was nothing to see.

"Mercy!" thought he, "can I, indeed, be so stupid? I never thought that, and not a soul must know it. Am I not fit for my office? No, it will never do for me to tell that I could not see the stuff."

"Don't you see anything of it?" asked one, as he went on weaving.

"O, it is charming—quite enchanting!" answered the old minister, as he peered through his spectacles. "What a fine pattern, and what colors! Yes, I shall tell the emperor that I am very much pleased with it."

"Well, we are glad of that," said both the weavers; and then they named the colors, and explained the strange pattern. The old minister listened attentively, that he might be able to repeat it when the emperor came. And he did so.

Now the rogues asked for more money, and silk and gold, which they declared they wanted for weaving. They put all into their own pockets, and not a thread was put upon the loom; they continued to work at the empty frames as before.

The emperor soon sent again, dispatching another honest officer of the court, to see how the weaving was going on, and if the stuff would soon be ready. He fared just like the first; he looked and looked, but there was nothing to be seen but the empty looms, he could see nothing.

"Is not that a pretty piece of stuff?" asked the two rogues; and they displayed and explained the handsome pattern which was not there at all.

"I am not stupid!" thought the man; "it must be my good office, for which I am not fit. It is funny enough, but I must not let it be noticed." And so he praised the stuff which he did not see, and expressed his pleasure at the beautiful colors and charming pattern. "Yes, it is charming," he told the emperor.

All the people in the town were talking of the gorgeous stuff. The emperor wished to see it himself, while it was still upon the loom. With a whole crowd of chosen men, among whom were also the two honest statesmen who had already been there, he went to the two cunning rogues, who were now weaving with might and main without fiber or thread.

"Is not that splendid?" said the two statesmen, who had already been there once. "Does not your majesty remark the pattern and colors?" And they pointed to the empty loom, for they thought that the others could see the stuff.

"What's this?" thought the emperor. "I can see nothing at all! That is terrible. Am I stupid? Am I not fit to be emperor? That would be the most dreadful thing that could happen to me. O, it is very pretty," he said aloud. "It has our highest approval." And he nodded in a contented way, and gazed at the empty loom, for he would not say that he saw nothing.

The whole suite whom he had with him looked and looked, and saw nothing, any more than the rest; but, like the emperor, they said, "That is pretty!" and counseled him to wear the splendid new clothes for the first time at the great procession that was presently to take place. "It is splendid, excellent!" went from mouth to mouth. On all sides there seemed to be general rejoicing, and the emperor gave the rogues the title of imperial court weavers.

The whole night before the morning on which the procession was to take place the rogues were up, and kept more than sixteen candles burning. The people could see that they were hard at work, completing the emperor's new clothes. They pretended to take the stuff down from the loom; they made cuts in the air with great scissors; they sewed with needles without thread; and at last they said, "Now the clothes are ready!"

The emperor came himself with his noblest cavaliers; and the two rogues lifted up one arm as if they were holding something, and said, "See here are the trousers! here is the coat! here is the cloak!" and so on. "It is as light as a spider's web; one would think one had nothing on; but that is just the beauty of it."

"Yes," said all the cavaliers; but they could not see anything, for nothing was there.

"Will your imperial majesty please to condescend to take off your clothes?" said the rogues; "then we will put on you the new clothes here in front of the great mirror."

The emperor took off his clothes, and the rogues pretended to put on him each garment as it was ready; and the emperor

turned round and round before the mirror.

"Oh, how well they look! how capably they fit!" said all. "What a pattern! what colors! That is a splendid dress!"

"They are standing outside with the canopy which is to be borne above your majesty in the procession!" announced the head master of the ceremonies.

"Well, I am ready!" replied the emperor. "Does it not suit me well?" And then he turned again to the mirror, for he wanted it to appear as if he contemplated his adornment with great interest.

The two chamberlains, who were to carry the train, stooped down with their hands toward the floor, just as if they were picking up the mantle, then they pretended to be holding something in the air. They did not dare to let it be noticed that they saw nothing.

So the emperor went in procession under the rich canopy, and every one in the streets said, "How incomparable are the emperor's new clothes; what a train he has to his mantle! how it fits him!" No one would let it be perceived that he could see nothing, for that would have shown that he was not fit for his office, or was very stupid. No clothes of the emperor's had ever had such a success as these.

"But he has nothing on!" a little child cried out at last.

"Just hear what that innocent says!" said the father; and one whispered to another "what the child had said."

"But he has nothing on!" said the whole people at length. That touched the emperor, for it seemed to him that they were right; but he thought within himself, "I must go through with the procession." And so he held himself a little higher, and the chamberlains held on tighter than ever, and carried the train which did not exist at all.

SERGEANT JASPER.

The Prize Story.

A hero is a man distinguished for valor. Sergeant Jasper was distinguished for valor and was thereby a hero. While the whole American army stood behind their earthworks and saw their nation's flag fall, a man leaped over the works and raised the stars and stripes from the dust into the glory of battle. Was not the man that did this a hero?

The American soldiers were all brave and with the exception of Jasper none raised the American flag; thereby Jasper was the bravest of the brave. Lee, Jackson and others were great generals—they were not truly heroes, but by their plans heroes distinguish themselves.

Jasper was afterwards killed while doing the same heroic action, and his name is now honored by every true American.



MASTER JOE YOUNGBLOOD.

When the stars and stripes fell, with them fell the hopes of the Americans, and when that banner rose, with it rose their hopes. Only a hero would have risked his life to save a banner—a banner which might soon fall so that none could raise it.

If you could see a British soldier who had been on one of the British ships that had fired on the American works at Fort Moultrie, and ask him if the man who raised the American flag was a hero he would answer, "Yes," and you might abide by that decision. He must have felt proud, indeed, when General Rutledge presented him with a sword as a compliment for his bravery.

The people know that he was a hero, and out of the whole American history I cannot find a more daring deed than lifting up a banner in the face of a furious fire from a number of ships. If this battle had been lost South Carolina would have fallen into the hands of the British and have discouraged the Americans very much. Jasper covered himself and the flag he raised with glory that can never be diminished, even by time itself. When Jasper saw the flag of the union fall all the pride of America arose within him, and he determined that he should rescue that flag, no matter what it cost him, if it be his life itself.

The union did not then and will not so long as she stands contain a more heroic spirit than that of Sergeant Jasper. Unlike Washington's, Jasper's bravery was not long in showing itself, for in one day he made himself famous by raising the flag of the glorious union. The day that Jasper raised the flag was the day upon which one of the most heroic acts was ever enacted. If The Constitution, Jr., knows of a greater hero than Sergeant Jasper, I wish they would let me know his name as soon as possible. I will here close my story and long may the union continue to honor the name of Sergeant William Jasper.

Freedom's soil hath only a place for a free and fearless race.

JAY YOUNGBLOOD.

Alline, the Fair.

(This is one of the four fairy stories, received in the prize competition, that were held until the last and which came near winning the prize. It was written by Miss Isabelle Ormond Thomas.)

Once upon a time many years ago there lived two boys by name, Ivan and Karl Westhoff. They lived with their aged grandmother in the little cottage upon the banks of the noble river Rhine. Ivan, the elder, was a strong, healthy lad of fourteen years and did much toward supporting his grandmother. Karl, though much younger, helped in various ways, and, though they were quite poor, they were also very happy.

On the opposite banks of the river rose a stately castle, its massive body and huge gray towers were covered with ivy and it looked as if perhaps long ago, in the days of chivalry, it might have harbored many dames and fair ladies. But now it seemed deserted and strange stories were told of ghosts and spectres who inhabited it. Marvelous tales the old grandmother would tell of an enchanted princess, waiting and sighing for her release. And the lads each resolved some day to liberate the lovely girl. One day Ivan called Karl to him and announced his intention of seeking the princess, and, in spite of Karl's protestations, started out. Ivan's heart almost failed him when he entered the main hall of the castle, it was so dark and dreary, and strange lights gleamed in the corners and flashed about. And was it his imagination that he seemed to see at the head of the flight a steps a tall figure, shrouded in white, with a pair of glittering eyes, staring at

him, and did he seem to see a fairy form, light and beautiful, floating beside him, or was it his fancy? He reached the tower of the castle, opened the door and entered a small ante-room, divided from another by a curtain and three stone steps, and a fountain played in the center of the room. A burning thirst possessed Ivan, and, seizing a cup, he drank long and deeply, and then he approached the other room. There sat a beautiful maiden, azure eyed, with golden curls rippling around her, and Ivan, overcome by the effects of the water, fell forward senseless; and the girl bowed her head and wept.

Twelve years passed, and the old grandmother was dead, and Karl started out to



ISABELLE ORMOND THOMAS.

seek his brother. Everything was as before, save that the lights were brighter, and the water more sparkling. He was sorely tempted to drink, but resisted and hurried on. He had no eyes for the princess—only for his brother. He strove to awaken him, but not until a low hissing, as of an evil spirit passing, was heard did Ivan open his eyes, and then he looked, not at Karl, only at the princess, the lady of his love; and Karl stood disappointed. Hearing a soft voice call his name, he glanced up, and there stood Eglantine, queen of the fairies, by a door in the arras. She told him that the enchanter's power was gone, and that her time had come. Then she bade him enter. There, in a deep embrasure, sat Alline, the fairest of maidens. She was the exact counterpart of her sister, saving only her hair was as black as the ebony and the flush of her cheeks as that of the morning; and a radiant smile illumined her features when she beheld Karl, and his heart was filled with love. And they neared each other, both with faces of supreme happiness, and the fairy, Eglantine, smiled in pleasure, and then calling them, they left the castle. And as the mists faded before the sun, so the castle faded from their sight, and in its place rose two lordly mansions, in which our heroes dwell with their beautiful brides many years in happiness and joy.

ISABELLE ORMOND THOMAS.
Fourteen Years Old.

The Oldest Doll in the World.

The oldest doll in the world is the famous Bambino di Ara Coeli, which is an old church in Rome. A writer in The Doll's Dressmaker gives the following description of a visit paid to this church where the bambino is seen:

It is the oldest doll in the world, and, if tradition is true, almost as old as the Christian religion, for it is claimed to have been carved out of a tree from the Mount of Olives in the time of the apostles, and to have been painted by St. Luke.

However, be this true or not, it has been in the "Eternal City" many hundreds of years, and it is called the Ara Coeli Bambino (baby), because the church of that name, one of the oldest and most interesting in Rome, is its home.

I shall never forget the first day we visited this vast and solemnly picturesque edifice. It was just at sunset, and golden shafts of light illumined the mosaic floor, lighted up the richly gilded ceiling above, and flashed its wondrous brilliancy over the presepio or manger, where lay the miraculous bambino in swaddling clothes, literally crusted over with diamonds, emeralds, rubies, sapphires and other precious stones, while its neck and wrists were entirely covered with strings of the purest



BAMBINO DI ARA COELLI.

oriental pearls.

The whole of one of the side chapels is devoted to the representation of the birth of Christ. In the foreground is the Virgin Mary kneeling by the manger, with Joseph by her side, while just behind are a life-size ox and ass, and shepherds and kings kneel near in adoration.

In the early ages of the bambino's existence, it was, on account of its sacred associations, held to possess strong healing powers, and was often taken to visit the sick for this purpose, being always conveyed in a costly little carriage and ponies quite its own. An attempt once being made, however, to steal either the doll or its jewels, almost priceless, the practice was abandoned, and now the Santissimo Bambino is never permitted to leave the sacristy of the Ara Coeli church, and is never left alone, though it is shown to pilgrims and strangers, on application, all the year round.

She Is Now, Though.

The following story must certainly be about the Empress Frederick, who as a child was literally a princess among naughty little girls. A little English princess was once carried on board a yacht by a sailor who, as he let her down said: "There you are, my little lady!" The child, who did not like being carried, shook herself and said: "I'm not a little lady! I'm a princess." Her mother said quietly: "You had better tell the kind sailor that you are not a little lady yet, though you hope to be one some day."

WATCHMEN OF THE WOODS.

The Goddess Minerva was wise when she chose the owl bird for a private secretary. It knows better than any other winged creature how to keep its mouth shut. It understands when to "whit" and



GREAT OWL.

when to "whoo." It has a world of its own. Midnight is its dinner hour, and day-break its bedtime.

On some occasions the wise old owl will rent the top flat in some hollow tree as early as the middle of February, with the snow lying a foot deep over everything.

When this occurs, you may rest assured that spring weather will set in early, and that by the time the trees are green the abstruse problem of owl multiplication will have been well under way.

Away up in Maine, among the snow-burdened cedars, lives the hawk owl. He is a slim, brownish black little chap, full of confidence and claws. His specialty is ptarmigan and grouse, and there are but few days in the year when they do not figure in his menu. Although he is the duke of his tribe, he can fight like a pugilist. His breast is barred with brown and white, and his facial disks are of mottled gray. He keeps up the reputation of the family for wisdom. Sometimes a party of hunters plodding through the snow may observe his owlish flying along at a safe distance in the rear, waiting for the escape of some wounded bird. It can hunt by day as well as night, and will hover around camp fires for hours.

Another resident of the extreme north is the great snowy owl. You have seen them in taxidermists' windows, sitting white and solemn on a dead branch, with staring yellow eyes, a gray mottled back and feathered hidden claws. This owl is only a winter visitor to the United States, but sometimes during an especially cold snap it is seen as far south as Georgia. It hunts by day as well as night. It probably acquired this habit from necessity, as the polar day is six months long. Its flight is as noiseless as a floating feather or a bit of down. It looks harmless enough, but it can strike with the speed and force of a peregrine falcon, and many is the duck and grouse it takes on the wing. It is said to be especially fond of fish, which it obtains after the manner of a fish hawk. There is probably no bird in the northern regions so heartily cursed by trappers. It knows a good thing when it sees it, and a trap is its especial object of regard. It watches the trap set by the fur hunters, and woe to the animal caught therein. If not too large and fierce, the snowy owl will stow it away in short order. It regards a trap as an invention created for its especial enjoyment.

It is sometimes eaten by the Esquimaux. It is ringed with chocolate brown bands, between which are a series of reddish white spots. A band of white across the throat gives it the appearance of wearing a linen collar. It looks almost clerical as it sits upright on a limb, but it is a deceiving little creature, and its righteous aspect is a snare. It is a murderer of field mice and the death of many a hare can be laid at its door. Catch it in your hand and it becomes a feathered buzz-



BROWN OWL.

saw. Its beak pops like a nutcracker, its claws grab hold of anything that comes their way and it develops into a picture of outraged dignity.

He Keeps Queer Company.

Everybody has heard of the burrowing owl, the side partner of the prairie dog and the rattlesnake. Throughout the west it is called the prairie owl. Apparently it has less to brag about in the way of wisdom than any of its kind. No bird can be right mentally that will take up its residence with and make a confidential friend of a rattlesnake. Even its animated bill of fare, the prairie dog, marvels at it. On approaching a dog town you can see dozens of owls blinking on top of the burrows. It has long feet and light yellowish-brown plumage, spotted with white. Its tail is barred with white and its face, throat and ruff are a light gray. It is not a thing of beauty, because it looks like a sort of albino, or a feathered mistake. On being approached it utters a low chattering sound not unlike that of a prairie dog, starts and skims swiftly over the plain toward a certain burrow from which it has ousted the lawful occupants. Down it goes into the depths, and you could not get it out with a burglar's jimmy. It is said to feed on field mice and crickets, but there is a suspicion in the minds of old frontiersmen that a timely autopsy would disclose the presence of young and tender prairie dog. In the latter days of August it suddenly

disappears. Nobody has ever been able to find out where it goes. The Indians, who are close observers, aver that it spends the winter in torpor.

Everybody familiar with country life has heard the long, quavering scream of the screech owl. For a bird so small and insignificant its voice is tremendous. If you have never heard the sound before it is likely that you will do a hundred yards in even time. It is only the love note of the screech owl, and is the only way he has of expressing tender emotion. If by chance you catch the little fellow in your hand you will find that it can express something else besides emotion. It clatters its beak like small castanets and hisses and bites with great vigor. From its habit of scaring premature gray hairs into people's heads the screech owl is popularly supposed to be a close acquaintance of the devil. It is innocent looking, however. Its plumage is soft and downy and mottled brown. Its eyes are large and keen and its facial disks a yellowish white.

The Bully of His Tribe.

Every dog has its day and every well regulated barn has its owl. At least this pertains to barns in the eastern states. The barn owl is the bully of its tribe. It has an especial weakness for chickens of the spring variety and it shows its wisdom in taking up its abode near its prospective larder. It also pays strict attention to mice, squirrels and other small animals. It is never found far in the woods. This owl when wing broken becomes a great bully and blowhard. On approach it hisses like a goose, swells out its plumage and blinks its great eyes impressively, although it is doubtful if it can see to any extent in the daylight. Its plumage is grayish brown on the upper parts, interspersed with yellowish red, produced by minute mottling.

The owl that we are most thoroughly acquainted with, whose cries we have heard most frequently in the woods at night, is the barred owl. If its language is translated correctly it is a very inquisitive bird. Walk out into the woods on a moonlight night and you are sure to be greeted with, "Who-who, who-who, who-ar-r-r-e you?" If you refuse to answer it fills the woods with a sort of horrible laughter. "Whah-ha, whah-ha, ha-a-a-a!" it will cry in derision.

A Regular Chicken Thief.

The barred owl is a great destroyer of poultry and is thoroughly hated by the southern farmers. Its sight is so defective in the daylight that it has been known to



VIRGINIA EARED OWL.

light upon the back of cows and horses. Its plumage is a light reddish brown on the upper parts, its face brownish white and its tail barred with brownish red streaks. Its abdomen is a yellowish white.

Last and greatest of all is the great horned owl, the bird of Minerva, the feathered emblem of wisdom. The vision of the horned owl is as keen as that of a falcon. It is one of the Nimrods of the feathered tribe, and flies like a sailing shadow. It is never at rest. Watch it as it sits on a tree, and you will see its bill snapping as though in anticipation of coming good times. Now and then it utters a shriek like that of a senator spouting on the silver question; now it bays like a bloodhound on trail of a murderer, or calls for help for some starving person. At such times it keeps its keen eyes in motion and nothing escapes its vision. Such is the great horned owl, one of the most powerful of our birds of prey.

Mr. and Mrs. Bird Move.

"Meow!"

"What's that?" asked Mrs. Bird, looking frightened.

"It sounds like a cat," said Mr. Bird seriously.

"Oh, Tom, do you really think it is? We'll be eaten up. Cats do so love bird pie. I have heard, too, that they can climb trees," and the bird wife crept closer to her husband for protection.

"Do not be alarmed," said Mr. Bird assuringly. "If it comes to the worst, you know we can fly."

"And leave our nest and eggs and the hope that has so long filled our hearts? No, dearest, never."

"Calm yourself, dear, and I will peep over the side of the nest. Perhaps, after all, it was only the cry of some wild bird."

"What do you see?" whispered Mrs. Bird.

"I see—"

"The cat?"

"Yes, that horrible monster."

"May I look, too?" asked the little wife timidly.

"You can if you take care not to let him see you. You are so beautiful, if that wicked cat once sets eyes on you he will never rest till he has eaten you."

"What a fiendish creature!" said Mrs. Bird. "See, he is looking up! He sees us! He is licking his mouth. He is coming up the tree!" And the wife bird trembled so violently that she lost her newest spring feather.

The cat pounced on it when it reached the earth. When he found that it was only a feather he meowed angrily.

"That's the most unfortunate thing that could have happened us," said Mr. Bird. "But, of course, you could not help it. The cat will never be satisfied since he has once had a taste until he eats us. Now what shall we do?"

"Dear Tom, we'll have to move."

"But where?"

"Leave that to me. You stay here and guard the nest. I will take a fly about the streets and perhaps we can find safer quarters. And now, goodbye." And Mrs. Bird flew away.

From branch to branch and tree to tree she made inquiries, but everywhere met with disappointment. In most cases the rent was too high and Mrs. Bird was too sensible a little wife to live beyond her means.

Sometimes an ominous cat with its tail

in the air loafed about other bird homes, or a small boy with a popgun and a dog was equally as terrifying. At last she came to Bluebird town, which was no other than an old pear tree that stood by an old farmhouse. The birds all seemed happy here. They were busy chirping and singing and were carrying straws and sticks for their new spring nests.

Mrs. Bird was told that every house was occupied except on the northern branch. If they did not fear the north wind this



DEAR TOMY, WE'LL HAVE TO MOVE.

part of the tree was at their disposal. They could have it for the small sum of two bugs and a worm and an occasional song.

Mrs. Bird was delighted and agreed to pay the price. She flew around and was relieved of all fears when she saw the sign: "This branch to let. No cats."

It was explained to her that the founder of Bluebird town was a creature called a boy, whose name, queer to say, was Carroll Bird. All the feathery tribe were devoted to him, particularly so because the cat trespassers were forbidden. The birds were safe here from pussy's velvety paws. No wonder when Carroll appeared the birds all flew about him and lit on his head, shoulders or hands and sang songs to him. Mrs. Bird flew home and joyfully related to Tom the good news.

Mr. Bird informed her that their enemy had been chased away by a dog. But there was no telling when it might return.

The next morning bright and early Mr. and Mrs. Bird started for their new home. They took their nest with them and found great difficulty in tugging it along. Part of the way they flew with it between their bills, while the greater part of the distance they dragged it on the ground. At last the task was accomplished and they fastened it in a leafy bower in their new quarters. But, alas, when Mrs. Bird counted her eggs three of them were missing—they had been lost in the removal.

ISABEL McELHENY.

A BRAVE YOUNGSTER.

A San Francisco Newsboy Stops a Run-away Train.

"One of the most exciting events that ever occurred in the ship district," says The San Francisco Examiner, "was a newsboy's effort to save a crowd of girls from disaster on their return from the fair. Toward the time for cutting off the half-hour boats a pair of big gray horses attached to the wagon of an Italian expressman became excited in front of the baggage room at the foot of Market street, and dashed up the city's main artery at a galloping pace. How they dodged the tangle of cars is an unexplained fact, but they were well away up the thoroughfare before any one realized that they had started.

"Just above the crossing of Spear street a crowd of little girls from an Alameda school were on the crosswalk, and the wagon in tow of the maddened horses was swinging from side to side in scope enough to kill a dozen of them if the race had continued fifty yards.

"At the Spear street crossing little Dick Collins was selling evening papers. He is thirteen years old, not out of knickerbockers, and weighs about eighty-five pounds. The horses' ages don't count, but they weigh 1,200 a piece. Little Dick Collins dropped his papers and grabbed the loop of a trailing line with such force that the galloping team had to turn. There was the better part of a circle made with the little gray knickerbocker clad lad as a drag before an expressman leaped into the rear end of the wagon, gathered up the reins, and put a stout hand on the controlling bit. When this was accomplished the boy who had saved the crowd of youngsters in the path of the horses, was back at the ferry selling his papers as if nothing had happened."



(The above is the Prize Contest Picture. The details of the contest are given in the first column of the second page of this issue of The Junior. Read the contest and send in a story to compete for the prize.)



No. 107.—Bank Rhymes.

Fill each two consecutive blanks with words that rhyme. This is a good exercise in language:

There is a stretch of silver —
That nightly in the west doth —
Like some untroubled, radiant —
Upon whose bosom —
The tinted cloud waves rise and —
Obedient to the west wind's —

Across this ocean, sunset —
A tiny craft doth lightly —
Unstaid by rock or reef or —
And piloted by one pale —
It skips the rosy ripples —
Light freighted with a fairy —

No. 108.—The Etruscan Nine.

"LA R S P Y THE 9G
ORS O D
ENAO SHE
FC S
LU SI W ORE"

When a clever boy has read the above at a glance and has twitted his sister for not having found it out yet, he may amuse himself by giving the names of the nine and the title of the work quoted.

No. 109.—Crossword Enigma.

In mansion, not in hut;
In open, not in shut;
In river, not in lake;
In giving, not in take;
In looking, not in stare;
In frightening, not in scare;
In pupil, not in paw;
In boiling, not in stew;
In lumber, not in board;
In nobles, not in lord;
And my whole will appear
In the fourth month of the year.

No. 110.—Rhomboids.

Across: 1. A moving power. 2. One who preserves. 3. Sudden fright without good cause. 4. According to law. 5. A vehicle. Down: 1. A letter. 2. A bone. 3. To pierce. 4. Elliptical. 5. To make new. 6. A sea-port city of Russia. 7. A keg. 8. An exclamation. 9. A letter.

Across: 1. A kind of duck. 2. Preserves. 3. To decline. 4. Regulations. 5. A gum. Down: 1. A letter. 2. A verb. 3. A parent. 4. Always. 5. To resort. 6. Demand. 7. Affirmation. 8. A musical note. 9. A letter.

No. 112.—Double Acrostic.

My initials name a distinguished author and my initials a historic town. Crosswords: 1. Moral. 2. A maxim. 3. Consumed. 4. Anything preserved in remembrance. 5. A nickname often given to a young colored man. 6. A carnivorous animal. 7. One of a race that has no fixed habitation.

No. 113.—Transposition.

A warrior bold of worldwide fame,
Was "T. Altai—
A heathen king who won a name
In days gone by.
Known as "The Scourge of God" throughout
All Christendom,
In memory he will live live no doubt
For years to come.

Armed with the Scythian war god's sword,
He feared no foe.
Where'er he led his savage horde
Were grief and woe.

He died upon his wedding day,
This warrior bold.
In regal state his body lay
Coffined in gold.

No. 114.—Anagrams.

Names of animals: 1. Shore. 2. Sale. 3. Reed. 4. Braze. 5. Do rouse M. 6. I roll. Adam. 7. Hear. 8. In tram. 9. I, too, rest. 10. Pale cot. 11. Then rap. 12. Pale rod. 13. See law. 14. Toast. 15. Bales. 16. Fowl. 17. Much in one. 18. Then leap. 19. Clap me. Dora. 20. A lone pet.

Key to the Puzzler.

No. 100.—Transpositions: Warsaw, Arno, Rhine, Wicklow, Inverness, Carlisle, Kindermister.

No. 101.—Beheaded Words: Brink, rink, ink. Chair, hair, air.

No. 102.—Hidden Proverbs: 1. "Half a loaf is better than no bread." 2. "Empty vessels make the greatest sound." 3. "Strike the iron while it is hot." 4. "You cannot make a silk purse of a sow's ear."

No. 103.—Historic Homes: Home, sacred name, at thy endearing sound What forms or ravished pleasures hover round!

No. 104.—Illustrated Central Acrostic: Centrals, Anlace. Crosswords: 1. ch. 2. hinge. 3. talon. 4. flame. 5. mac. 6. heils.

No. 105.—A Tangle: Oh, what a tangled web we weave
When first we practice to deceive.

exchange
2,000; with
to ex-
notes.

